



PEPPERELL SHEET



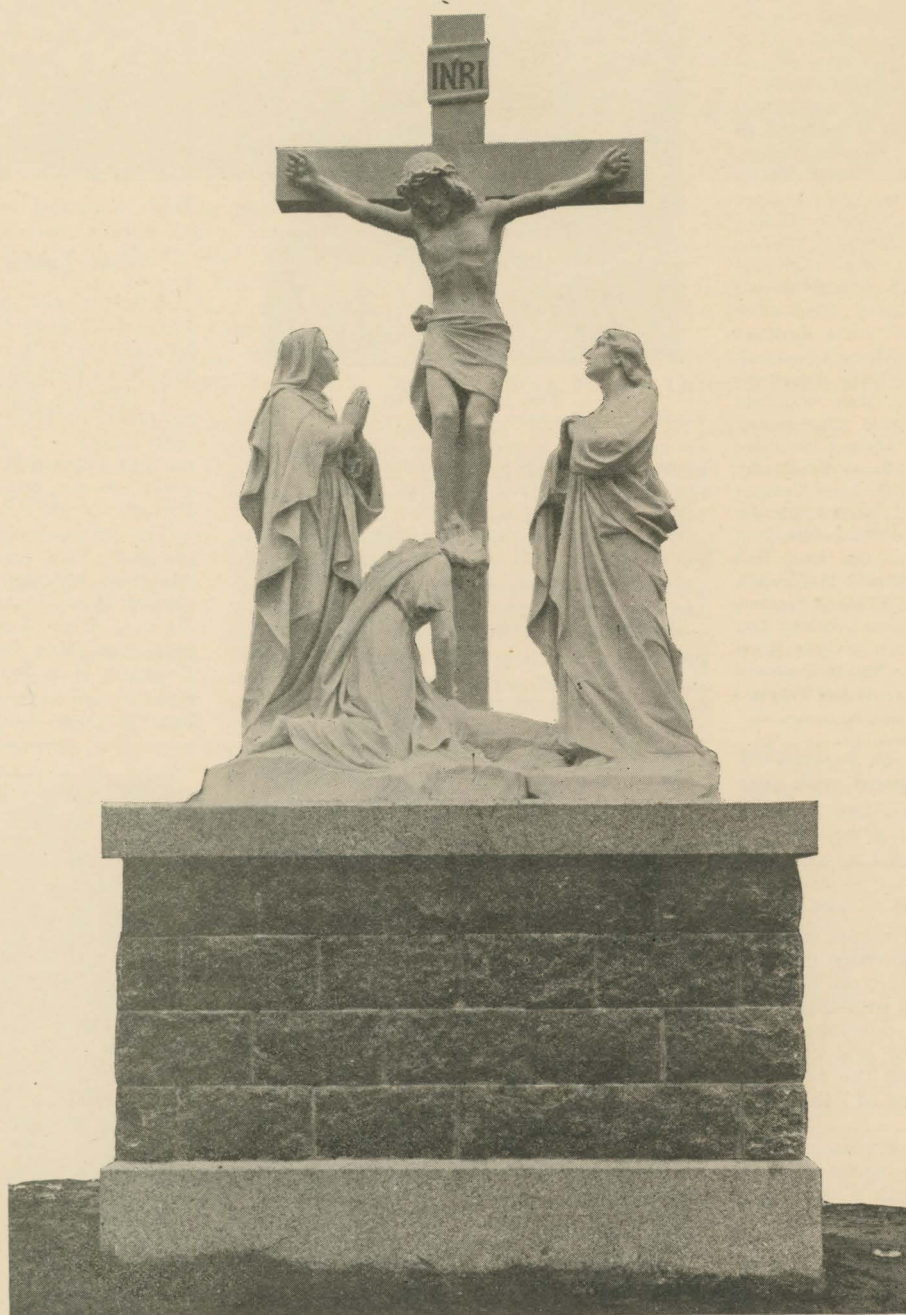
Published by and for the

Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company

VOL. II

JULY 1927

NO. 3



THE CALVARY

This beautiful monument stands in St. Josephs Cemetery, near the tombs, and is called "The Calvary." Every member of St. Josephs parish contributed to the fund which made this valuable addition to the cemetery possible. It is of special interest to many of Pepperell's employees.

PEPPERELL SHEET

Published Monthly by the Employees
of the Pepperell Manufacturing
Company.

BIDDEFORD, MAINE, DIVISION

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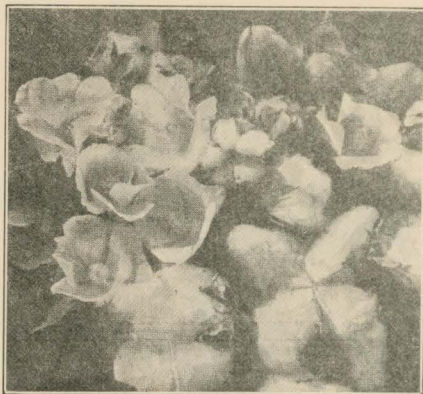
The Pepperell Sheet has as a definite aim the promotion of good will and better acquaintance in the great Pepperell family.

King Cotton

A search into the origin of cotton and its use as a fibre for the manufacture of fabric leads us back into the earliest periods of the world's history. It is probably safe to assume that when man developed the art of spinning and weaving and covered himself with cloth rather than the skins of beasts that cotton was one of the first fibres he used.

It is a mistake to think cotton can be raised only in a very warm country. Hot summers of some duration with a late frost date are necessary for full development of the plant, but it is found in every part of the world from the equator to 37 degrees north and about the same distance south. In other words, applied to the United States, south of a line running across the country from Los Angeles to Virginia. Before the American Revolution the colonists of New Jersey and Pennsylvania raised their own cotton but the summers in these states are too short to permit the successful raising of cotton commercially in competition with the states farther South.

Cotton is grown on a large scale in India, Egypt, China, South America and the United States. The domestic crop is by far the largest, so it may be said that this country dominates the cotton world. The first American crop for which statistics are available is that of 1790-91, when a yield was reported of 8,889 bales of 225 pounds each. Compare this with last year's record crop of 17,910,000 bales of 500 pounds each. Estimates of the value of a crop are most difficult and likely to be misleading because of the constantly changing price of the standard grade of middling cotton and also the varying discounts and



The Cotton Plant.

premiums for cotton below and above that grade, but it is probably safe to assume that the 1926-27 cotton crop represents a billion dollars in value.

There is an impression that before the Civil War cotton was raised on huge plantations which were conducted by their owners, surrounded by slaves and dependents in a style little short of medieval splendor. If this was true then it certainly is not so today. The great American cotton crop is raised on small farms. The 1920 Census Bureau figures show the average farm in Georgia to be 42 acres of improved land.

Cotton is planted as soon as the danger from frost is over and in from 75 to 80 days after planting the blossoms appear. The blossom is interesting in that the first day it is a creamy white, the second day pink or red and the third day purplish blue, after which it drops off. The seed pod or "boll" then begins to form and in from six to eight weeks bursts and the cotton is ready to pick.

The cotton crop is picked by hand in marked contrast to the elaborate machinery which gathers our great wheat crops. Cotton, unlike wheat, does not mature at one time, and picking must go on over the same field again and again. A mechanical cotton picker must pick the cotton from the open bolls with a minimum of leaf and other foreign substances, not injure the plant and leave the unopened bolls to ripen. There is a fortune for the person who perfects a successful cotton picking machine.

The cotton fibre to the naked eye appears to be smooth and round but under the microscope like a collapsed tube with a long series of spiral twists extending the length of the fibre. These twists average about 180 to the inch and it is the interlocking of these twists during the process of spinning that gives strength to the yarn.

When picked, cotton contains by weight about twice as much seed as fibre.

The process of removing the fibre from the seed is called "ginning." Practically all of the crop is ginned on a "saw gin" which tears the fibres from the seed by saws. The saw gin is the invention of Eli Whitney in 1793, and while improvements have been made, the original principle still remains. Prior to Whitney's invention the seed was removed by hand, a slow and costly process. From the gin the cotton goes to the press where it is compressed into bales of 500 pounds each and wrapped for shipment.

Cotton varies tremendously, indeed, the Official Cotton Standards of the United States recognize nine distinct grades of white cotton. These are determined largely by the amount of impurities, such as leaf dust, sand, and cut seed in the cotton. Cotton is also classified as to length of the fibre. The bulk of the spinnable American cotton lies between $\frac{3}{4}$ inch and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. The selection of the high type of cotton necessary to produce Lady Pepperell sheets and pillow cases and to maintain that quality is an important task.

Miss Laura Guertin Entertains

A few of the girls of the Social and Athletic club were the guests of Miss Laura Guertin of cloth room 191 at a recent party at her cottage at Camp Ellis.

It was an all-day affair, and during the forenoon bathing was enjoyed and pictures were taken. A delightful dinner was served at noon by the hostess, after which the girls went on an automobile ride to Prout's Neck.

The girls were very grateful for the pleasant day and voted Miss Guertin an excellent hostess. Those who attended included Miss Beatrice Veilleux, Miss Gladys Hamel, Miss Anna Rouillard, Mrs. Elizabeth Eon, Mrs. Ora Malloy, Miss Germaine Couture, Miss Irene Gaudette, Miss Marion Bolland, Miss Alice Broulotte, and the hostess, Miss Laura Guertin.



Little Ferdinand's Motorcycle Just Cap-sized but Nobody Was Hurt. He is Three Years Old and Is the Son of Mr. and Mrs. Fortunat Goulette. Mrs. Goulette is Employed in Spinning 142-A.



Top Row: Charles Hodgdon, Walter Smith, Clarence Keene, J. W. Sweetsir, Sr., Roland Lemire, Patrick Kearney, Ernest Clappison, Raymond Landry, Philip Sayer, Maurice Goodwin, Michael Mogan, John Leonard, Clarence Gove, Charles Benjamin, William Ross, James Bradbury, Harry Smith, Thomas Fildes, Arthur Murphy and William Smith.

Middle Row: Archie King, George Burchill, Austin Keables, John Herbert, Walter Wentworth, J. W. Sweetsir, Jr., Donald Rhoades, Frank Nield, Chester Roberts, Paul Dennett, Dr. C. E. Thompson, Charles McCarthy, Warren King, John Adams, Cecil Clark and Gen. Supt. E. Payson Gibbs.

Bottom Row: Pierpont Jordan, James Wilcox, Edward Moll, Byron Moore, Alfred Sterling, Robert Morse, Mr. Dick (of Lowell), Agent Whitehead, Harry Whelan, Miss Doris Treworgy, Miss Martha Curley (Pepperell Nurses), Prescott Howard, Joseph Bauer and Raymond Clark.

Officials Make Merry at Biddeford Pool

On Wednesday evening June 22nd, the overseers and office men of both divisions and their invited guests, partook of a shore dinner at the "Old Homestead" at Biddeford Pool.

The trip was made by automobiles, starting at the Pepperell office at 6 o'clock. No accidents were reported to Doctor Thompson on their arrival at the Pool, and a picture was taken successfully.

The shore dinner, consisting of lobster stew, steamed clams, fried clams, and lobster on the half shell, with all of the "fixin's" was much enjoyed.

As special guests of the evening Nurses Martha Curley and Doris Treworgy were in attendance.

Agent Whitehead was toastmaster, and gave a brief outline of his plan to see that everyone in Pepperell's employ has the privilege of appropriate medical advice.

Dr. Thompson was presented and gave a very interesting talk on the problems which are encountered daily in serving a mill as large as the Pepperell, and the great need for cooperation with the overseers in putting the work over.

Miss Curley explained some of the requirements necessary to complete the records of her office, and Miss Treworgy gave an outline of the plans for the new nursing service.

M. Harry Whelan, our genial purchasing agent, provided the laughs when Ed Moll and Prescott Howard ran short of tricks, while as a special feature Eddie presented Overseer Warren King with a pair of camouflaged shoes to be worn in wet weather. A comment on the speech by Mr. Moll would be superfluous. Suffice to say that Warren accepted the sea-going boots without batting an eye.

Following the banquet a part of the gath-

ering repaired to Agent Whitehead's home on the point where a radio program was enjoyed.

All are looking forward to the next dinner, and many believe that these should be a regular institution at the mill.

How To Use Pepperell Plaincloth

Plaincloth may be embroidered, using all the well-known stitches—outline, chain,



Lauzat Hodga, our premier bowler, looks like a million dollars.

buttonhole, etc. If you have never embroidered, buy this matchless cloth, follow the diagrams of stitches and you will be delighted with the result.

Applique is applying one fabric on another, and, where large surfaces are to be covered, is an ideal method. Cut your design from any colored fabric and either hem, buttonhole or couch it onto Plaincloth.

Quilting is desirable when you want to use Plaincloth for warm covers. Take two thicknesses of the fabric, lay wadding between and sew or quilt them together.

Painting appeals to the woman with originality who wishes to beautify her home with Plaincloth. There are special fade-proof paints in lovely ranges of color for use on fabrics.

Plaincloth lends its charm to Block-printing and Stenciling. Blocks for printing may be made from wood, linoleum or a common rota'o. The design on a block is left in relief, that is, the ground is cut away. Paint is brushed over the block, which is then pressed onto the fabric. This is the oldest type of printing, and has great decorative possibilities. The potato cuts easily and children may under supervision decorate their bedspreads, curtains, tablecovers, etc., with flowers or elephants.

A stencil is the reverse of a block print. The design is cut away from oiled paper or cardboard, and you paint over the hole thus made to reproduce the design.

Plaincloth may be trimmed with braid. Colored rick-rack is especially pretty, or the edges bound with bias binding.

Use up odds and ends of Plaincloth for braided or hooked rugs. It works nicely for either.

The warm creamy tint of Plaincloth is perfect for the majority of uses, but if you desire color, it dyes beautifully with any of the commercial dyes.

Safety! There is nothing "just as good."

THE ROMANCE OF PEPPERELL

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HOW A GREAT INDUSTRY DEVELOPED AT BIDDEFORD TOGETHER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING HOW PEPPERELL WIDE SHEETINGS AND PILLOW TUBINGS ARE MADE.

(Continued from June)

Along the eastern banks of the river, Sir William erected his lumber mills, and at Biddeford Pool, where the waters of the Saco empty into the ocean, he and his father carried on their ship-building industry. In 1757, on the petition of Sir William and others, the General Court granted permission to the people of Saco to hold a lottery, the proceeds of which were to go toward the building of a bridge over the Saco River, and Pepperell was placed at the head of the commissioners who had charge of the affair. This bridge, the first which ever spanned the waters of the Saco, crossed the branch of the river on the east side of Indian Island, now known as Factory Island. It was a momentous day for these people when this bridge was ready for use, and the method which was used in obtaining it, apparently, did not detract from their enjoyment of it.

Sir William spent considerable time in looking after these vast estates, especially after his return from England where he went after the conquest of Louisburg. While in Saco he frequently visited at the home of Rev. Mr. Morrill. Whenever he was there on Sunday he always attended services in the little church, and it is said that he never failed to drop a guinea on the collection plate. His coming was quite an event in the little town, where the people gazed in awe and admiration upon his manly figure, clad in the embroidered waistcoat and scarlet coat of that period. All loved the courtly old gentleman with his stern, strong face and kindly but resolute eye.

In the Days of the Red Men. N

Others before and since Sir William's time have found the Saco Valley a pleasant place. It was especially beloved by the Sokokis Indians, who once roamed through the dense forests in search of game or the healing herbs, for which their tribe was noted. Here they erected their rude wigwams, and at night the sound of the waters as they dashed over the rocks, lulled them into peaceful slumber. Gathered about the blazing camp fire the old men of the tribe would tell the young warriors the mysterious legends of this section.

Among these was the legend of "the lost maiden"—that beautiful daughter of an Indian family living near the head waters of the Saco. None could compare with this maiden in beauty or virtue. She was skilled, also, in all of the arts known to her people. Surely so marvelous a maiden must have a mate who was worthy of her! But in vain her parents sought for such a one. He was not to be found! Suddenly the maiden disappeared. No trace could be found of her dainty, moccasined foot in forest or glade, and where once her silvery laughter sounded, now mournful silence reigned. At last some hunters, roaming far into the mountain fastnesses in search of game, saw the maiden standing on the banks of a quiet stream, and by her side a marvelous youth whose hair, like

her own, fell down to his waist. At the approach of the hunters the two fled into the forest and disappeared. When the parents were told of this they knew that her companion was one of the pure spirits of the mountain, and from that time on they considered him as their son, calling upon him whenever game was scarce, and never did they call in vain.

Such was one of the legends of these simple children of nature who lived and loved, and built their humble dwellings along the banks of the Saco in those far-away days before the coming of the white men. On Indian Island resided generation after generation of their sagamores. It was with a great sorrow and heart ache that they turned their faces away from these loved scenes, forced to retreat farther and farther to the westward by the relentless encroachments of the white men.

The Coming of the White Men.

In 1605 an English exploring vessel, commanded by Captain George Weymouth, was cruising along the coast of Maine, and finally put into the harbor at the mouth of the Penobscot River. The Captain and his men visited the Indians living in this section and succeeded in luring five of their chief men on board. These they held captive and took back with them to England, where they were seen by the explorer, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who became much interested in them and took them into his family. They were with him three years, during which time they learned to speak the English language, and told him a great deal about the coast of Maine with its "goodly rivers, stately islands and safe harbors." It was not strange that Gorges should become interested in this wonderful new world, which was pictured to him with all the glamour and beauty and mystery which the red men is capable of expressing. He was not long in interesting others in the scheme of planting colonies in America, and the organization which they formed for this purpose was called the Plymouth Company. From King James I they obtained a grant of all the land from the Hudson River to Cape Breton, including all islands within one hundred miles of the coast. When the rights of the Company were transferred to forty noblemen, Sir Ferdinando Gorges was granted the portion now included in Maine, so that he became the first individual land owner of that State.

Numerous explorers were sent out by the Plymouth Company, but practically all brought back unfavorable reports of the prospects in the new world, declaring that the coast was unfit for civilized settlement. Gorges, however, refused to be discouraged. In 1616 he sent out a crew of thirty-two men, "hired at great cost," to spend the winter on these shores and test the severity of the climate. Sixteen of the crew were left at Monhegan to fish, probably to offset the cost of equipping for the voyage. The remaining sixteen, under the direction of Captain Richard Vines, arrived at the mouth of the Saco River in September, 1616, several years before the settlement of Massachusetts by the Puritans. It was a magnificent sight which greeted them. The country, wrapped in its myriad-hued mantle of autumn, was never more beautiful, and at night the great round harvest moon, reflected on the rippling surface of the water, gave the final touch

of magic and mystery to the scene. The men spent the autumn exploring the coast, and bartering with the Indians. The red men of that section were suffering from a terrible disease which was laying waste their numbers. This was looked upon by the colonists as a special dispensation of Providence in their favor, for they felt that God was making "way for his people by removing the heathen and planting them in the land." Though the white people mingled freely with the Indians and accepted their hospitality, often spending the night in their wigwams, they did not suffer from the contagion.

It soon became apparent that they should begin to erect their winter quarters and prepare for the coming of cold weather, which, according to numerous signs, promised to be exceedingly severe. The corn husks lay thick and close about the ears; the beach and walnut burs were unusually thick, while the foxes and squirrels were wrapped in thick, warm coats, and the wild geese were early in flying south. Would it be possible for these Englishmen to spend the winter on this stern New England coast, or would they, like the Sagadahock colonists and others, find this section of America unfit for civilized habitation, and the experiment upon which Gorges had set his heart, end in failure? Time alone would tell!

After exploring all points along the shores of Saco Bay, the men finally selected a spot in lower Biddeford, on the west side of the Pool, and there erected a log cabin, the first habitation of civilized man ever built within the limits of the present cities of Saco and Biddeford. The cabin was built securely and thatched with the long grass gathered from the marshes, while a wide fireplace and a chimney were built of the stones picked up on the beach, and the floor carpeted with the fragrant boughs of the hemlock. They were snug, comfortable quarters and though the winter was extremely cold, the men did not experience any great discomfort. In the spring they returned home with favorable reports of the country. Gorges' experiment had proved a success! The place where these colonists passed the winter of 1616-17 received the name of Winter Harbor, and the neighborhood is still visited by those who love to view these historic old landmarks and live again in imagination those early days which marked the beginning of this great nation.

Gratified by the result of this experiment, Gorges and others were active during the next seven years in transporting colonists to these shores, and numerous settlements were established in the vicinity of Saco Bay. Here they erected their rude log cabins and engaged in the few occupations which the country permitted. These were chiefly fishing and trading. A few tried farming, and one, Thomas Rogers, made such a success of it that his farm was designated on the early maps as "Roger's Garden." He settled here in 1638, and the trees which he planted lived for over a century, and became the "old orchard" from which that popular summer resort received its name.

(Continued in August)

Safety prejudices are dark corners in the mind.



PEPPERELL'S BASEBALL TEAM

Top Row, Left to Right: Grover Keene, Coach; Wilfred Binette, Dennis Driscoll, Larry Descoteaux, Everett Staples, "Busy" Simard, Jim Hickey, Joe Vachon, M. Hebert and George Moulen, Mgr.

Bottom Row: Mimi Cote, Sylvester Kelley, Albert Hamel, P. Binette (Mascot), Marchand, Baillargeon and Oscar Goodreau

LOCAL SPORTING NEWS

KERWIN TWOMEY.

After the Pennant

Pepperell by winning from Bar Mills Saturday, July 2, and taking two games from the Velmos of Sanford on July 4, tied with Bar Mills for first place in the Saco Valley league. The home fans have had the opportunity of seeing some classy baseball in the games played so far at Prospect park. In fact, it is the best baseball seen locally since the famous Diamond Match team was beating every team that had courage to play them.

Pepperell has a great team, and so are the other teams in the league, and it is no cinch to pick the winners. Of course our boys look the best to us, and with Joe Vachon, the Iron Man, pitching the brand he has in the league so far this season, Pepperell is due to win the pennant. The Pepperell boys are showing plenty of pep, and putting up a good brand of ball. Vachon has been making a big bid to not only win but keep the scores of the opposing teams down, but unfortunately errors have crept in and spoiled some of his good work.

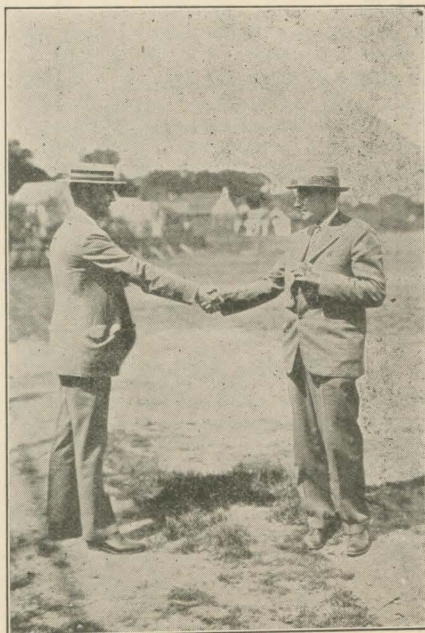
Just now the Pepperell players are playing great ball, with the veterans, Captain Jimmy Hickey, Denny Driscoll, Syl. Kelley, Busy Simard, Albert Hamel and Binette out front. Staples, who was laid up early in the season with illness is coming back strong. Once he gets going he swings a mighty mean stick.

With Kincaid, Charley Cousens of Kennebunk, a member of the Biddeford high team the past season, and Patterson, the Thornton academy star, Pepperell looks stronger.

All root for Pepperell to win the Saco Valley League pennant.

Pepperell Wins Opener

It was a great opening of the Pepperell baseball season in this city Saturday, June 18, when our team took the Kezar Falls aggregation into camp by the score of 5 to 0. Our "Iron Man," Joe Vachon, was in



Mayor Precourt and Agent Whitehead Agree That the Opening Ball Game of the Season Is a Success The Mayor Tossed Over a Perfect "Strike" for the First Ball, with Mr. Whitehead on the Receiving End.

the points and he certainly showed his stuff by holding the visitors to three hits.

The tug of war between Pepperell and Diamond Match teams resulted in a big surprise to the supporters of the mill team. Diamond Match carried off the honors in two straight pulls.

The opening was featured by the presence of Mayor George C. Precourt, who pitched the first ball and demonstrated that he still has a throwing arm and knows how to put 'em over the plate. Agent Howard R. Whitehead was behind the bat, and caught the outshoot like a veteran.

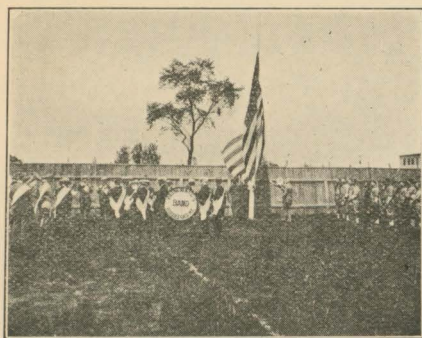
Then there was the flag raising, with the Pepperell band, city officials, mill officials and the ball players marching to the flag pole where Mayor Precourt was given the honor of raising a large and handsome American flag on the staff. This was a very pretty ceremony.

The crowd at the game was estimated at nearly 1,000, and it was an enthusiastic and orderly gathering. There was a parade from the mill offices through Main, Jefferson and Alfred streets to the park, headed by the Pepperell band, in which Mayor Precourt, members of the Board of Aldermen, ball players and tug of war men took part.

The ball game proved very interesting, with our Joe Vachon having it on Collomy in the pitchers' battle.

An error by D. Hadlock, the visitors' shortstop, with two down in the sixth, allowed Driscoll to reach first safely. He stole second and scored when R. Stacy made a wild throw over first in attempting to throw Marchand out at first.

The big blow came in the next inning when Binette connected for the first safe hit of the game. He stole second and remained there while Kelly was thrown out at first. Collomy cracked at this point under the strain of the many curve balls, and



The Flag-raising Exercises Were Very Impressive.

walked Hamel and Staples in succession, filling the bases with one down. Elliott went into the box for Kezar Falls at this point. Hickey drove the ball at the short-stop, who allowed it to go through to the outfield, Binette and Hamel scoring. Simard hit safely to score Staples and Hickey, which ended the scoring for the day.

Kezar Falls threatened several times, but Vachon tightened each time and set them back.

Pepperell Off Form

The Pepperell team failed to show its usual stuff in the game with Steep Falls at Prospect park, Saturday afternoon, July 9, when they went down in defeat at the hands of the up-country team by the score of 2 to 0. It was a case of not being able to hit Trefethen, the South Portland mound artist, who pitched for Steep Falls. Only one hit was scored off him and that fell to our star pitcher, Joe Vachon. Joe did not have his usual speed and curves Saturday afternoon, maybe on account of being worked too hard.

Pepperell had three men as far as second base, but none of them went to the third station. Their nearest threat at scoring came in the third when Kelley and Cousens were hit by pitched balls.

Pepperell was pulled out of two other holes, one in the second, when a double play, Vachon to Kelley to Hickey, stopped a rally, and again in the eighth, when Kelley stopped the drive and made a force-out at third before throwing the batter out at first. In the ninth a double by Westcott and a walk to Graffam failed to count in the scoring, the next three batters being easily retired.

Kelley and Driscoll featured on the defense for the home team.

Hard Game To Lose

Pepperell lost a hard game to Limerick at Limerick, Saturday, June 25, when they were defeated by the score of 6 to 5. Pepperell had a lead of 5 to 4 up to the last half of the ninth inning. H. Wadleigh, who had not been doing much with the big stick, came across with a pretty double which scored the winning run. Vachon put up a good pitching argument against Flinn, the hard hitting twirler of Limerick.

Kincaid, a new second baseman of the Pepperell, looked good in his first appearance with the team. Kelly and Hickey also turned in good defensive ball. Vachon held Limerick well in check until the ninth,

but two putouts being made in the outfield

Biddeford 0 0 3 0 0 1 0 0 1—5
Limerick 0 2 0 1 1 0 0 0 2—6

Beat Bar Mills

The victory of the Pepperell ball team over Bar Mills, leaders in the Saco Valley league, at Prospect Park, Saturday, July 2, was just the kind the fans like to see. Once more Joe Vachon was the outstanding figure of a great victory, which Pepperell won by the score of 6 to 5. Vachon was determined to get this game and started out with wonderful speed, only 15 men facing him up to the sixth inning. He had nine strikeouts to his credit. He received great support from Binette behind the bat.

Biddeford in the ninth inning came back with a spectacular exhibition of pinch hitting. Vachon led off with a safety and Charley Cousens, hitting for Binette, crossed up Bar Mills by hitting down the third base line. Kelly worked Coughlin for a pass to fill the bases. Patterson, former Thornton pitcher, was sent in to hit for Kincaid, and when Gene Hebert, former Westbrook pitcher, relieved Coughlin, Patterson ended the game by sending a pretty drive between first and second to allow two runs to score.

We Win at Sanford

On to Sanford on the morning of July Fourth, Pepperell lined up against the Velmos of that town and with Joe Vachon pitching, took the Sanford team into camp at Goodall park, by a score of 11 to 4. Vachon had Sanford under his thumb except in the sixth, when the home club scored three of its runs. The playing of Bailey and Cormier for Sanford and Hickey and Binette for Biddeford stood out.

The score:

Biddeford 3 3 0 0 0 1 1 0 3—11
Sanford 0 1 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—4

Again We Win.

Fourth of July morning at Prospect park, the fans had the pleasure of seeing the Pepperell team put over a 4 to 3 defeat on the Velmos of Sanford. This was a good game and was featured by several good plays. Captain Jimmy Hickey came across with a home run. With the score 3 to 3 in the ninth inning and Pepperell at the bat, Cornwell walked with two down and Kelly doubled to allow him to score with the winning run.

The summary:

Pepperell 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—4
Sanford 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1 0—3

Batting Averages

Following are the batting averages of the Pepperell baseball club, taken up to the game of July 9th.

Names	Pos.	Games	At bat	Hits.	Aver.
Driscoll	lf.	7	28	10	.346
Binette	c.	7	24	8	.333
Staples,	cf.	6	20	6	.300
Vachon	p.	6	20	6	.300
Marchand	2b.	3	10	3	.300
Kincaid	2b.	4	17	4	.235
Hickey	1b.	7	28	6	.214
Kelley	3b.	7	29	5	.172
Simard	rf.	7	29	5	.172
Cousens	c.	1	6	1	.166
Hamel	ss.	6	25	4	.160
Patterson,	utility	0	1	1	1000

Started Like Good Bout

The outcome of the Pierre Gandon-Homer Robertson bout, which was advertised as the feature of the first open air boxing show of the Pepperell Social and Athletic club at Prospect park, on the night of Friday, June 24, was a disappointment to the large crowd that turned out. This bout was called between the third and fourth rounds because of a bad cut which it was claimed had been inflicted over Gandon's eye by Robertson's arm. Physicians in the audience examined the cut and stated that it would be dangerous for Gandon to continue. The cut was opened directly over the eye and was allowing blood to drop down over the eyeball. One of the bones was protruding from the cut, and it was said that if he had received another blow in this spot he might have been injured for life and his days as a boxer would be over.

There was a lot of action in the preceding bouts to whet the appetite of the fans for the big go. In the semi-final Young Brown of this city gave Red Grange of Saco a boxing lesson, completely outclassing him throughout the bout and hitting him about as he pleased. The Saco red-head did not appear to be himself in this bout, his dynamite punches lacking the old kick and style, indicating that someone has been trying to make a boxer out of the Saco socker.

Kid Nadeau of Somersworth, N. H., outpointed Mickey Genaro of Boston in a fast preliminary bout of six rounds. Both boys were fast, with Nadeau showing out in front.

In the second bout of four rounds Kid Sweetser of Dover outclassed Kid Morrisette of this city, scoring three knockdowns in the bout.

Spud Murphy of this city won from Young Chase of Saco in a fast opener. Murphy scored a knockdown in the first round of the bout.

Boxer Vs. Fighter

It was a case of a boxer meeting a fighter in the bout between Johnny Harko of Manchester, N. H., and Joe Currie of Boston. Rossi had no trouble keeping in the lead over the Polish Flash.

In the semi-final Kid Lessard former ward two boxer and one of the leaders of the new Saco gym boxers, was knocked out in the fourth round by Freddie Sullivan, the Fighting Harp from Boston, in a minute and a half of fighting. Lessard's handlers claimed a foul, but Referee Johnny Walker disallowed the claim. It was a good bout up to the time Lessard went to the mat.

Spud Murphy added another to his list of victims in one of the preliminaries when he easily won over Young Sharkey.

Pecker Martin cut loose against K. O. Thomas of Saco in their bout and Referee Walker stopped the bout in the second round to save Thomas further punishment.

Flash McCarn and Roughhouse Rich were about even in their preliminary bout.

Hats Off to Ted Drew

It is with much pleasure that the large number of friends of our popular Ted Young Drew read of his success in the boxing line. Ted is beating everybody he is matched with, and best of all is, he is ready for more.

Before a large crowd at Portsmouth,



PLANT B TUG-O-WAR TEAM—1927.

Top Row, Left to Right: George Cote, Henry Dutremble, John Herbert, Joseph Cote, Armand Herbert, Xavier Gendreau.

First Row: John Grenier, Alcide Tanguay, John Belideau, Dominic Dentico, Arthur Herbert.

N. H., at the Unity A. C. boxing show, Drew won a ten-round decision over Steve Halivan of Manchester. It was a great bout with the Biddeford boy way out front.

Drew showed his superiority over Johnny Scully of South Boston in their second bout a few weeks ago at the Exposition building, Portland. It was the feature bout of the big show.

Drew did the trick by his milling and fast infighting that offset Scully's repeated attempts to draw Drew into a slugging match. Scully played a waiting game until the last three rounds, but Drew came in and scored with his chopping right to the head and an underhand to the body. The Biddeford boy also had a stiff uppercut, and used this effectively. Scully was best swinging for the body.

Pepperell Boy Wins

The second outdoor boxing show given by the Pepperell Social and Athletic club at Prospect park, Friday evening, July 8, was one of the best staged at the park in many years. The main bout between Ted Young Drew, the big favorite locally, and Johnny Scully of South Boston had the fans sitting up and taking notice all through the six rounds. Old timers readily admitted it was the feature bout locally for a long time. Drew was given a shade over his fast opponent and he well deserved it.

Drew put up a whale of a bout. In the first round Scully caught him with a terrific left hook to the jaw, which sent Ted down but he was up and on his feet almost as soon as he landed, and from then on didn't Ted shoot them right and left, and made Mr. Scully know without any chance for an argument that he was in a boxing bout. While Scully featured at infighting he found a crackerjack at the same game in Drew, who beat the Boston man at other angles. It was a swell exhibition of boxing and a return bout between the two would draw a record crowd, no doubt.

In the semi-final Young Nadeau of Somersworth, N. H., scored a technical knock-

out over Billy McCarthy of Boston in the first round of their scheduled six-round bout. In the third six-round bout Young Fortier of Biddeford set a pace that Al

Junior Drew could not quite equal and Young Fortier was given a slight shade.

Two knockouts were registered in the two four round mills on the card. Both of the bouts were fast and there was a great deal of excitement as the fans each had their favorite. Good boxing was shown by the youngsters in the ring game and they should develop into real fighters. Young Cote of this city succeeded in putting Nig Demaris of Sanford away for the count in the second frame and in the other bout Spud Murphy gave Art Lamont plenty during the first round of their bout.

Sport Notes

Driscoll made one of the finest catches that has ever been seen at Prospect park in the game with Steep Falls.

Syl Kelly spent the week in Boston with his charming daughter. Mr. Kelly has been in that city many times and more than once almost made his home there.

Patterson and Cousens look pretty good for the first year out of school.

Ed Moll is trying to develop a pitcher and we hope he will hurry up before the season is over.

Everybody is wondering what became of Charlie Hazelton's tug of war team. Probably Charley is figuring ahead, for some such future event.

"Busy" Simard made one of the longest home runs in Fort Preble July 10th that has been seen in that park for many a day. "Busy" sure swings a mean bat.

HEARD ABOUT THE PLANT

CLOTHROOMS

Room 191

By BEATRICE VEILLEUX.

We extend our deepest sympathy to James Donovan and his family because of the death of his sister, Mary.

Miss Emelia Laflamme is out on account of sickness. Let's hope you will be back soon, Emelia.

Miss Laura Guertin entertained the girls of the W. B. A. Association at her cottage at Camp Ellis recently. Games were played after which a delightful clam stew was served by the hostess. Laura was assisted by her sisters, Irene and Lillian.

John Davis is now with the Biddeford and Saco railroad.

Miss Helen Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rice of this department, graduated from the Kennebunkport high school and was the valedictorian of her class. Congratulations!

Emelia Corneau manages to get in a beauty sleep during the noon hour. Here's a sure road to beauty girls—Emelia says the color is natural!

Annie Prescott was down East recently on a fishing trip. The kind of fish one catches without a hook, Annie?

Ever notice a sort of wild look in Yvonne Boutin's eyes? That means: "Gosh, I'm two cuts late and it's four o'clock!"

Wonder why A. P. always looks at a feller's necktie before looking at his face?

Jeannette: "I've got a very bad cold in my head today."

Alice: "Well—that's something!"

The part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the "nut" that holds the steering wheel!

Mr. Bruce drove up to the curbing in his Ford one day and a small boy nearby said: "Watch your car for a nickel, sir."

"This car won't run away," replied Mr. Bruce.

"No," said the boy, "but I could tell you when it starts to drop apart!"

Room 31

By PEARL MURPHY.

Albert Harvey is trying hard to keep that "schoolboy" figure. He is often seen walking from Saco to Portland. It is rumored that he has worn out eight pairs of shoes in the past six months. Cheer up, Albert, you are doing fine!

After all of Clifton Tibbetts' remarks about not liking the women we were somewhat alarmed at his shy glances in the direction of Hazel. Of course, Hazel is doing a lot of quiet thinking of her own, but we don't feel sure which way the wind will blow.

Who said buttermilk was not fattening? Just look at Dorothy Demas, who is an addict. Don't let 'em string you along Dorothy—we all love you just the same.

When they sing the song about the "two little girls in blue" we would like to change the color to "pink" and introduce to this well behaved audience the heavenly twins—Blanche and Agnes!

The racket! The noise! Only George and Albert whistling the ancient melody (the only one they know) "Peggy O'Neil."

Mr. Freeman certainly has a sense of humor. We wonder which joke book is his favorite.

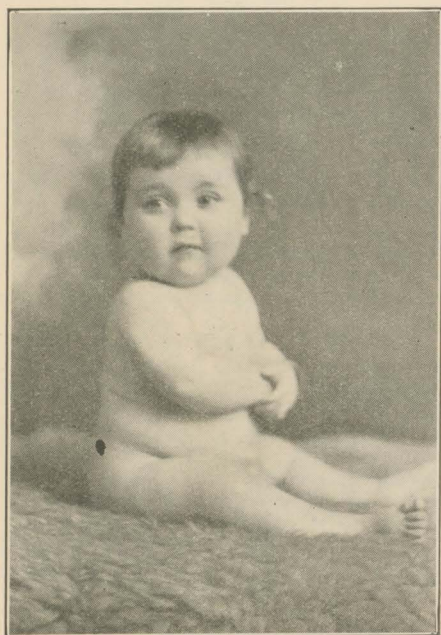
Well, Molly, you've done pretty well, but we have grave fears that some day you will return to us with shorn tresses.

"Bob" Murphy Gets a 30 Day "Bob"

By E. Demars

**CARDING****131 and 141 A****THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN**

Marion Boillard at her work all day.
 A. Broullotte fixing a loom.
 Blanche Buckley going out of the sink room after she has washed up.
 Willie Buckley sleeping all night and awake all day.
 Vachon with a girl in his Ford.
 Paul Hevey with a sharpened pencil.
 A. Broullotte chewing tobacco.
 A. Cyr late to work.
 Bourque, the loomfixer, hurrying.
 Hodga letting the lunch cart go by.
 Oswald in plus fours.
 O. Martel's Ford hitting on all fours.
 Fred Nolette grouchy.
 John Pitta coming to work without his wife.
 C. Gosselin flirting.
 Bouthillette without his jokes.
 B. Dubois helping the battery girls.
 William Simpson keeping silence all day.
 Any one who wants a good wave had



Vivian Proulx is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Proulx of 25-C. Vivian was just a year old when this picture was taken.

better call up Mrs. Rose Alma Thibodeau, 1562-W and make their appointment.

Songs That Hit.

Lawrence Morell—"Linger a While."
 Albert Metayer—"I'm da Stronga da Man."
 Josephine Buckley—"Lucky Linda."
 Raynald Petit—"I'm Lonesome."
 Fern Petit—"All Alone by the Telephone."

Georgia Goodwin Smith, who for thirteen years has been employed in 131 Weave Room has accepted a position in the main office. Lucy Davis has taken her place in 131 and we all hope and wish her the best of luck for the future.

"Well! Well! How came your hand to be bruised up like that?"

"Oh, I was coming home from a party the other night and some awkward fool stepped on my hand!"

Lawrence Morell is doing her hair up now—We wonder if some one likes it that way better?

Since Red has been washing windows he can't help but look in the glass.

Slugs and Miss Picks from 131 and 141 A

By ISABELLE McKENNEY and JOSEPHINE BUCKLEY.

No wonder Alice B. weighs so much,—she puts on too much white-lead!

Red Cote says when he hugs a girl she gets black and blue from his heart beats.

Euclide Charette says a light isn't the only thing that says stop on those dark country lanes these nights.

If freckles were dollars John Brennan would be a millionaire.

Roberge was seen wearing a circle around one of his eyes last week. How did it happen, Paul?

At A. Charette's next birthday the help of 131 will have to give him an alarm clock.

Fern likes to go around the room once a day to keep the blues away.

Eva Moressette has gone to Canada for a vacation. We all hope she doesn't catch the disease that's going around.

Rose Cote, so they say, had to come to work for three weeks to buy all that she needed.

Room 83-A

By DOROTHY WILCOX.

Xavier Fortier took a trip to Canada over the Fourth.

Elizabeth Lennox and Mary Kasper

have returned to work after several days' absence.

Oscar Nolette and family recently moved from Water Street to Pierson's Lane.

Frank Sharon, son of Joseph Sharon of Middle Street, Saco, and Miss Marjorie Gowing of Lynn, Mass., were married at Mr. Sharon's home on Saturday evening, June 25th, in the presence of a large number of friends. Mr. Sharon is very popular with his fellow employees and they join in extending him their best wishes.

Room 55-B

Miss Aurise Pelletier of 55-B has moved to Old Orchard where she and her mother will shortly start housekeeping. Bert wishes you good luck, Aurise.

Room 173

By EMILE LEBLOND.

Mrs. Antoinette Chretien of Room 173 has returned to her work after honeymooning in Boston and New York. Glad to see you back.

Miss Frances Mayo, who is to be married to Mr. Thomas O'Malley of Bangor in the near future, was surprised on June 30 when her room mates presented her with a pretty hat bag, traveling set and manicuring set. Miss Mayo was greatly surprised, but after a little while she thanked all. Miss Mayo will reside in Hartford. Good luck to you.

Mrs. Diana R— of Room 173 is not curious, but wants to see everything. Be careful or somebody might slip something over on you, Diana.

Another lady named Diana has done her



Prescott Howard Borrowed a Fish from Bill Sweetsir and Is Posing in a Dangerous Position.



Hugh McGarity is all dressed for church—and we judge he is going in style!

house cleaning. I bet Diana is expecting company. Don't be bashful on the invitations.

I bet Mamie will be heart broken when Paul goes away. Cheer up, old girl, he'll be working in your home town, Old Orchard.

I was asked the other day by an old maid, and she is old, too, what would I say if she would get married, and I told her that I knew an old bachelor with one eye, and that he might propose to her if he should lose the other eye. Cheer up, beauty is only skin deep.

I think that Catherine and Mamie are flappers, as the sheiks are always with them, while some other girls cannot get a fellow.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

By CARL HALL and ELLERY BRYANT.

Mr. Eugene "Punk" Lavigne and family, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lavigne, spent the holiday in Manchester, N. H., as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Euclide Geoffries of 502 Coolidge Ave.

"Bozo" gave the neighbors a scare the other evening. Seeing a moving light in Mr. Hall's garden, some good friend sent a call for the police. When the "pride of Biddeford" arrived, they found Bozo down on his hands and knees with his flashlight—hunting cut-worms!

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ellis were the guests of Mr. Robert Wagstaff, of Chelsea, Mass., over the Fourth. They also enjoyed an excursion on the 12th of the month to Lake Winnepesaukee, leaving at eight a. m., and returning at nine p. m.

Mr. Omer Bouffard of the boiler room spent his vacation in Montreal and other places of interest in Canada. Mr. Bouffard reports an excellent time and is looking forward to the trip of next year.

Mr. John Pare, foreman of the boiler room, has moved his family to Camp Ellis for the summer. John started the second

of this month and made a week's tour of the Maine coast.

Eugene is sporting a fine complexion and is giving us a lesson in what the dentist can accomplish. Some boy with the pearly teeth!

We are certainly going to take our hats off to Frechette. Never see him come in without wiping his dogs, and if he borrows any tools they are always clean when they are returned. Order and cleanliness seem to be the boy's motto and we call it a good one for some others to adopt.

Charlie Leach is feeling pretty proud lately. The reason is a baby weighing 7 lbs., 1 oz. "Bozo" rises to remark that he has received no cigars yet!

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Johnson attended the auto races at Rockingham Park on the Fourth and had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall.

COTTON HOUSE

By EDWARD CHARBONNEAU.

John Sullivan is the proud father of a baby girl. Incidentally, John, you missed one or two of the boys with the cigars.

"Joe" Labonte has returned to his work after a two months vacation. While away "Joe" looked over John D.'s holdings in the West and bought some oil shares. (P. S. The kerosene treatment is helping the spears along and the microscope shows five new hairs during the past month.)

Louis Knoll spent the holiday in Canada and returned with his daughter. "Babe" felt bad because he couldn't go along too!

Eddie Legare recently came to work with a new cap. All he needs now is a horse!

Hugh McGarity said that when he asked for his wife's hand her father replied: "Why, young man, you can't even dress her!" Hughie says that he gamely replied—Oh, my gosh, he'll kill us if we print it!

You'd like to know what would have happened if it had been Jack Lee's dog that Johnny ran over?

Billy Oakes says that in "his hopinion if it wasn't fer pettin' some guys would never get any hexercise."

Bill Ruck: "What caused the jam?"

John: "Strawberries!"

If Gregory pulls any more fish stories we are going to get Jim Malloy to go him one better—and possibly two.

SPOOLING

Room 123

There's a little girl named Annie, who came to work one day with her luncheon tied in her stocking. Isn't that shocking? We mean the lunch—not the stocking!

Well, what do you know about this? Archie has the craze and rubs his head nightly with castor oil in the hope of generating a "permanent."

Ether, unless you start in on your daily dozen again, we fear that the roadster will be taboo!

The race between Warren and Juliette came out a tie. Other competitors are anxious to meet Mr. Warren. Who will be the first?

We "kinda" hoped that Yvonne L. would introduce us to her "sheik"—we mean the one who accompanied her recently to Old Orchard.

Why the rush of blood to your face Annette, when you cast eyes upon George?

Eva, Lucia and Rosalina have made appointments to have their hair bobbed on the 32nd day of July.

Would like to know what grade Rosalina

is in—thinking about her Victrola course, of course.

Heibert Trafton has been promoted this year. He's traffic cop for Jones' airplane. Choose the right cloud to hang to, Herbert!

Have pity on the mail carrier, Marie Jeanne! A letter a day is too much strain on the eyesight!

SPINNING

Room 25-B

Rosario Fortier, the well-known boxer, went to a dance with his new Ford, and on his way home he lost the crank-case. So he has gone back to walking for his training. His first walk was six miles of rough road at three o'clock in the morning. He has decided that he doesn't want another machine.

Fred has challenged Alphonse to a four-round match at Prospect park any time this summer. Alphonse told Fred to leave the mouse at home or he won't go into the ring. The winner of this fight will challenge anyone in the mill weighing between 180 and 210 pounds.

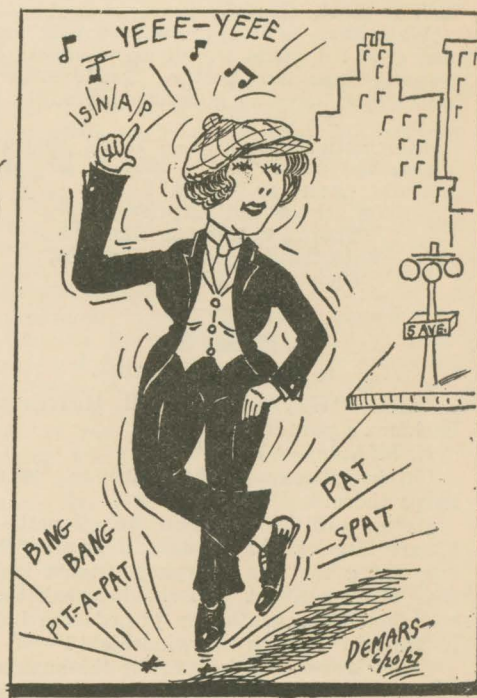
Around the Rooms

Secondhand Philias Cassavant spent the past week in Lewiston as the guest of his son, Adrien, who is studying for the priesthood in New York. All his friends are wishing the young man the best of luck in his efforts.

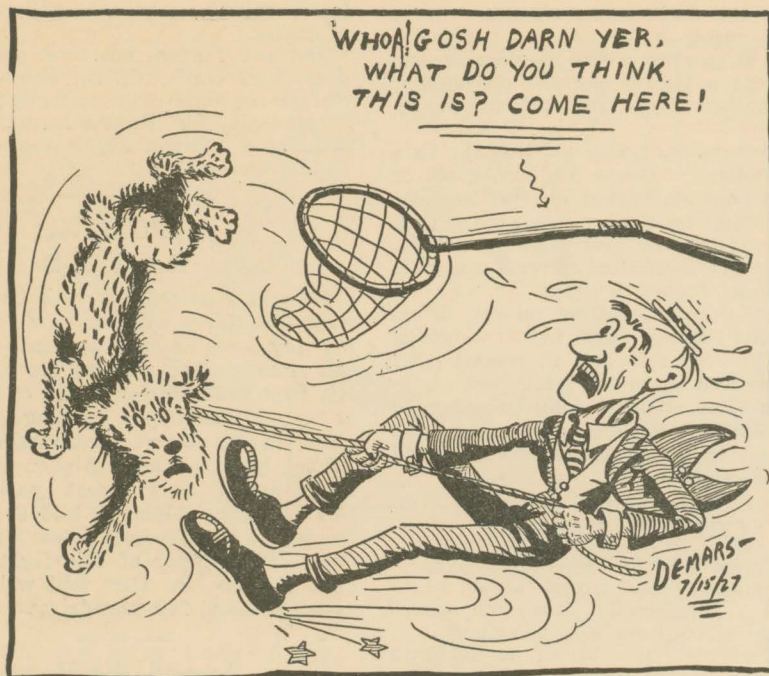
Bruno Belanger, who has been hiking six miles every day to his farm is anxious to go into the ring with some of the old-timers. It looks as though Belanger craved action.

Pauline Trembly and her lizzie spent the week visiting in Hartford with many of her friends.

The Misses Laura and Blanche Trembly spent the week's vacation in Fall River, visiting friends and relatives. Both Laura and Blanche reported a good time.



Euphemia Ladd steps out to the tune of "The Sidewalks of New York."



"Mike" Mogan Has Taken on an Additional Duty!

CLOTHROOMS

Room 31

We wonder what would happen—
If Christine Wright and Nellie Ballock
were ever late?

If Mrs. Riddel should walk slowly?
If Frances Leavitt failed to smile?
If Stella had not a thing to tell us?
If E. Nadeau should speak to a girl—and
she should smile?

We understand that Mrs. Haines is plan-
ning to go to the next barn dance with Mrs.
Herrick. Isn't that "lovely?"
Emiliene Cassette is very fond of blue
birds.

A certain young lady will be the cause of
a certain young man going without his din-
ner some noon. Why wait until noon hour to
talk so much, Marie?

Well, Miss McAuley, how does your gar-
den grow? I guess we all know about it,
judging from the pretty "grandmother's
pinks" you have so generously brought in
to us.

Information wanted—Will someone
please tell us if "Anne" should be pro-
nounced "Ann" or "Annie?"

Of all the sad surprises,
There's nothing to compare
With treading in the darkness,
On a step which isn't there!

Room 31

By JOSEPH PELLETIER.

Cassie—"Why do they call Heaven an
Irishman's paradise?"

E. McAuley—"Why?"

Cassie—"Because there are so many
harps there!"

Here's a little question in etiquette—
Stuart Herrick has bought a Ford. The
only thing that is worrying Stuart is in
case of an accident who should speak first
and should the gentleman precede the lady
in the trip through the windshield?

"Joe" Martin has left us for the summer
months. Many of us will see him to speak
to when we go down to the Old Orchard
pier to trip the light fantastic.

Margaret Ryan and Jane Kilgore are

still on the sick list. We all hope they will
be with us soon.

Mrs. E. McKenney recently underwent
an operation at the Webber Hospital. We
all join in wishing her a speedy recovery.

SPINNING

Room 142-A

BY JEANNE TARDIFF

Blanche Wright and Blanche Larouch
are both back to work after having been
out on account of sickness.

Mrs. Emile Garon of Harding Street
sprained her ankle recently while leaving
a street car. We wish you a speedy recov-
ery, Mrs. Garon.

Miss Diana Hebert spent a week's vaca-
tion in Canada with relatives.

Leonelle Perreault, son of Mr. and Mrs.
Ulric Perreault of Clarendon Street, is
spending the summer vacation at Bidde-
ford. He is a student at Sufland Seminary,
New York.

Joe Grenier doesn't want his name to
appear in this issue. We'll keep it out,
Joe.

Arthur Bolduc and Leo Boutin, formerly
of this department, were visitors over the
Fourth.

Mrs. Rose Tardif Ruel, formerly of this
department, but now of Providence, is
spending a two weeks' vacation at the
home of her mother, Mrs. Honore Tardif.
Miss Irene Tardif is spending a three
weeks' vacation in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Fortunat Goulette are
spending a two weeks' vacation in Canada.

Congratulations

A baby girl, weighing eight and three-
quarters pounds arrived at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. Rosario Frechette on Friday,
July the first. Both mother and daughter
are doing nicely.

Think "Safety First" and act "Safety Al-
ways."

UNDER THE DRAGON'S EYE

Mr. Herbert, our cordial weaver, was
standing down at the station the other day
when an old lady approached him with a
question.

"What time does the train for Boston
arrive?" she asked.

"At two to two," replied Mr. Herbert.

"When does the train leave here?" was
her next.

"At two two," was Mr. Herbert's answer.

"Well, will you please tell me how long
it stops here?"

"Two to two to two two."

"Say, mister," she said, getting hot under
the collar, "I asked you about a train's
time—not its whistle!"

Jessie Rice had agreed to deliver twenty
hens to one of Saco's leading grocers. Only
nineteen, however, were sent, and it was
almost evening before the twentieth bird
was brought in by her.

"My good woman," said the grocer,
"you're late with this one."

"Aye," she agreed, "but you see, she
didn't lay until this afternoon."

The Dragon witnessed a peculiar thing
the other night when traveling the Port-
land road. A 1925 Hudson Coach was be-
ing pursued by a Ford and the driver of
the coach was a tall, rather spare individ-
ual. With an expression of fright on his
handsome features he stepped on the gas,
and, with the speedometer on the Ford reg-
istering 60, he very gradually went out of
sight over the top of a hill. The dragon
was not enlightened until Al Hill came in
"sore shoulder" and all, and related a wild
tale of a locomotive leaving the track at
Goose Fare bridge and chasing him "clear"
to Dunstan. "Al" says he was very fortu-
nate to escape with his life, as he had to
give the Hudson all the gas she would take
in order to keep out of the way. Would
suggest that "Al" use that liquid to rub
his shoulder with, because with many more
hallucinations like the above we will all be
nicking daisies and telling one another
what good fellows we are!

One of the girls in cloth room 191 re-
jected a suitor the other night along these
lines:

He: "You look like a sensible girl. Let's
get married."

She: "Nothing doing. I'm as sensible
as I look!"

Our old friends, "Bozo" Hall and "Dinny"
Driscoll played the parts of heroes just
previous to the time "Dinny" took over his
new job. It seems that a small boy was
playing about the heavy timbers at the ice
house on Smith Street and in some way be-
came securely wedged in the pile. His lusty
cries brought the rescuers to the scene and
after considerable exertion on "Dinny's"
part (he claims that Carl picked out the
smallest timbers) the lad was brought out
unharmed. It has not been definitely decid-
ed as to who will receive the Carnegie
medal this year.

A Good Job

The painting and lettering on the many
bill-boards and signs about the mill is the
work of Mr. John Pare. Pepperell has
every reason to be proud of John, who is
a sincere worker for the mill, and his fine
work in the painting line.

PEPPERELL SHEET

LEWISTON DIVISION

The Lewiston Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lowell Divisions.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
HARRY J. VAUGHN

ASSISTANTS
MINNIE DOBSON
HAROLD LONERGAN

CARTOONIST
CARL PROCTOR

Help! Help!

We are making another appeal to you for photographs. Since our last request to you to hand in your snapshots of anything which might interest the other readers, you have done nobly and we wish to compliment you. We believe that our photographs have been of interest to all and we have taken great pride in them. However, you are slowing up and we are forced to ask your assistance once more.

A great many of you readers have cameras and have been taking snapshots of your babies, your cars, your homes and of some of your shop-mates. Why not let us all in on them? Let us have any snapshots or photographs which will be of interest to our readers and after they appear in the Sheet we will return them to you in perfect condition.

Pictures add pep to any magazine and we are striving to make our Sheet as good as the best. You can be of very great assistance to us in doing this by letting us have your photographs. Gather them all up right now before you forget it and hand them in. You can't make us mad by giving us too many as we never have quite enough.

You, no doubt, are mighty proud of the pictures you have taken, but don't you think that you are also just a little bit selfish about them? Your mates in the plant will enjoy them and you should feel it your duty to give them this opportunity. If you are proud of your pictures you will be doubly so when you hear the many favorable comments of your friends on seeing them in the Sheet.

Come on, now, all together. Every one of you send in a snapshot or photograph. The more the merrier.

Harry Driscoll's Trip to New York

I have been asked several times to relate my experiences during my recent visit to New York City and knowing that these will interest the readers of the Pepperell Sheet and also act as a warning to other young men who might be contemplating this journey, I will try to give you an idea of my impressions of the Big City.

I arrived in New York bright and early on Tuesday, May 31st, and was met by Mr. Zervas, who asked me if I had a traveling bag and he said, "Why, to put your clothes in." I have wondered a good many times since if he thought I would walk around the streets naked with my clothes in a traveling bag.

Zervas was to be busy for a few hours

so I wandered around by myself and I will try to give you an idea of the queer people who live in a big city. While looking in a shop window I made the acquaintance of a Hebrew gentleman who asked me if I had heard the latest way of getting a drink free. I was naturally interested and followed him into a nearby speak-easy. The Hebrew approached the bar, asked for his drink and kept the bartender busily engaged in conversation. After an interval had elapsed the bartender had forgotten whether the drink had been paid for, and so in the ensuing rush by other thirsty clients, the matter of payment was overlooked. I followed this scene closely and after my Hebrew friend left me I decided I would try my luck, so I went in and repeated his performance, but instead of going out I asked the bartender for my change and got a dollar and a half.

On coming out of this resort I made my way down one of the busy streets and got into conversation with a fellow who related to me an accident he had been in. I asked him if he had any scars and he said he didn't smoke. I sauntered along and came upon a man lying at the bottom of a flight of stairs. I asked him if he had fallen down and he said he had, but it was all right as he was coming down any way.

Feeling rather hungry, I entered a restaurant and when the waitress approached I asked her how the chicken was and she said, "Pretty good, how are you?" I asked her if they served crabs there and she said they did, but if I kept quiet nobody would notice me. So I ordered a plate of beans and proceeded to satisfy the inner man.

On leaving the restaurant, I hurried back to 320 Broadway where Mr. Zervas has his offices and found the latter gentleman very much upset over my prolonged absence. We went over some work at the office and then visited a couple of our customers with whom we had business. After completing our business we devoted the rest of the day to pleasure. We saw Babe Ruth hit a couple of homers and, boy, he can sock that old apple. I think I will train one of my boys to be a home run hitter as that seems to be a very pleasant way to make a lot of money.

In the evening we took in a show called Scandals, and I want to say right here that if the young ladies in that company should appear in my old home town of Sabatis in the costumes which they wear in New York there sure would be a lot of scandals. Those girls certainly could dance. One ebony colored young lady showed us the Black Bottom as done by an expert. The whole performance was hot stuff and I have been told that they use an asbestos curtain in that particular theatre.

The next day I had more time to myself so I went out in quest of more adventure. I looked over the Brooklyn bridge, which Mike Goff almost bought last September. Mike made a great mistake when he let that bargain get away from him as it is a wonderful piece of work. I learned that the bridge was again on the market and I tried to locate the owner, but was informed that he was spending a vacation at Blackwell's Island.

I was very much impressed with the Statue of Liberty and made an effort to purchase it, but was told that Mike Goff had an option on it.

I spent a lot of time, but very little money, shopping on Fourteenth Street, and I brought home some very pretty catalogs and circulars which I am going to pre-



Here is Mike Linehan entertaining a group of children. No, they are not all Mike's. A couple of them belong to Dick Gebauer.

sent to my friends as souvenirs of my trip.

In closing I want to advise any person who has not already been to New York to go there as soon as possible, for if you haven't seen New York "you ain't seen nawthin'."

Bon Voyage!

Good luck, Tom! Bonne chance! Bon Voyage, Monsieur Jones! Such were the valedictories accorded Thomas M. Jones, our much respected departmental head, instant to his leaving for picturesque Old England.

Mr. Jones, the major domo of the cutting department for the past three years, embarked July 7th from Montreal, aboard the palatial White Star Liner Regina, for the land of his heart's desires.

Tom was born in Staleybridge, England, so it is with much joy that he journeys once again to his natal land, anticipating the renewal of many acquaintances of his youth.

Besides Staleybridge, Mr. Jones' itinerary includes, Liverpool, Denbath, in the beautiful vale of Clwyde; the Windermere Lakes, located in the north of England, and Belfast, Ireland.

Although Tom's avowed purpose in traversing the briny deep is to visit relatives and friends, as well as to embellish the reminiscences of his youth, still much speculating was indulged in by the cinema fans of the cutting room, relative to his taking his famous broncho "Lightning." These devotees of the silver screen countenance the belief that "Buck," as Mr. Jones is called in cinema circles, will enter his famous steed in one of the English racing classics. If such be the case we are all confident that "Lightning" will be returned the winner.

Tom expects to return to the United States the latter part of August, via Quebec and Montreal. His charges of the cutting room are already anticipating the reminiscences which he will be able to narrate to them concerning his trip.



STEPHEN H., JR.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Crowley. Young Steve is a real boy and has inherited some of his father's executive ability. He is in supreme command of the Crowley household.

WET END WHISPERS

John Ahern spent the holiday duck hunting at Rockland.

Ed Lavalley enjoyed the first two weeks of July in Canada.

Jack Leahey spent his vacation communing with King Neptune at Old Orchard.

Jim Malvey has returned from a week enjoyably spent at Camp Ellis.

Hans Jordan enjoyed a few days at Lake Grove last week.

Mike Paradis is with us again after visiting a little town sixty miles below Quebec.

Alphonse Boucher spent his vacation at "Lake No Name Pond."

Frank Cody enjoyed a recent vacation at Old Orchard.

Ted Bonneau motored to Wilton on July fourth. He was accompanied by J. E. Collins.

T. Wabas, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Mike Rogola, enjoyed a few days at Old Orchard recently.

Sid Forrest visited most of the nearby beaches on his vacation.

Herbert "Lightning" Cox spent most of his vacation in bed resting up.

Edgar "Cramp" Brushshire visited Sherman, Maine, on the Fourth.

Herbert West motored to Rockland recently.

Joe "Huggy" Kernan spent July Fourth about a mile above Lake Grove.

Peter Sullivan divided his time on the holiday between cultivating his crops, beautifying his estate and teaching his dog new tricks.

Office Items

Miss Hall's latest contribution to the Horticultural Hall of Fame was a beautiful display of golden glows, hollyhocks and nasturtiums, surrounded by evergreen leaves.

Elmer Griffin sat in the grandstand at a recent ball game, but did not enjoy it as his voice failed to carry out on the diamond. In the future he will stick to the first base bleachers, where his instructions can be heard.

Agnes Conley is a new addition to our office force and her previous experience is proving a great asset.

Bernadette Routhier attended the 101 Ranch circus on June 21 and enjoyed it immensely, especially the white horse who danced the Black Bottom.

Larry Egan is sporting a new pearl colored straw hat. Larry easily heads the fashion parade when it comes to head-gear.

Mary Wade will spend her vacation at Moxie Pond and promises to return with plenty of Moxie.

Elmer Clark has seen about all the places of interest in Maine and Canada since he got his Chevrolet. His friends haven't seen any evidence of his Canadian trips, however.

Bill Davis has turned down an offer to sing at the dances at Island Park. Too bad, Bill, the dancers would enjoy your offerings.

Margaret Moore was a week-end visitor in Portland, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Helen Sherry.

Al Bernard, vocalist, politician and connoisseur of aqua pura, has added a new pipe to his other personal effects. It is the latest thing in the pipe world and Al sure does enjoy its assistance in his wooing of Lady Nicotine.

Elmer Clark thinks so much of his job that he came to work at 6.30 one morning. The truth is that Elmer thought it was 7.30.

Our friend from Bangor called up recently.

WHITE FOLDING ROOM

Paul Lavigne is very proud of the baseball team of which he is a member, and promises to let us have a picture of it to put in the Sheet.

Johnny Jepson says he isn't Scotch, but just a little careful.

Berniece Brochu and Gertrude Vaughn enjoyed a recent trip to Portland as members of the Bleachery girls' bowling team. At Portland they enjoyed a lunch and inspected the Union Station.

There's no use in talking, Tom Meehan will not stay at home. On July Fourth he motored to Canaan, where he imbibed generously of the spring water for which this place is famous.

Gilberte Martin spent the holiday at Old Orchard, where her new bathing suit attracted much attention, especially among the male bathers.

Johnny Simard has purchased a new home on Androscoggin Avenue. Here's hoping that you will enjoy many years of happiness, in it, Johnny.

Eva Marchand hasn't got her car yet. Better hurry up, Eva, we are getting anxious for a ride.

Freddy Michaud, champion horseshoe pitcher of Lincoln Street, is looking for new fields to conquer. Heretofore he has confined his activities to his own section,

but now wishes to engage in combat with horseshoe artists from both cities.

Jim "Red" O'Kane is still making Bleachery Hill on high.

Margaret Cadigan is planning a trip to Ireland for another kiss of the Blarney Stone.

Nap Landry will wrestle any one in the plant up to 300 lbs.

Storehouse Truck

Jack Paradis is preparing a series of fish stories which the Sheet hopes to print at an early date.

Gedeon Beaulieu mislaid his bicycle one day recently and had to walk home. He missed his trusty steed.

Pat Hamilton was chief marshal of the St. John's Day parade and created a very favorable impression. He wore the uniform of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of which he is a charter member.

Al McClure is getting to be quite a fisherman. He returned from his last fishing trip with a nice mess of sardines.

Tom Johnson was a recent visitor in Portland, where he attended a baseball game.

Mike Walsh doesn't seem to be as lucky this summer. What's the matter, Mike, have you changed your system?

Leo Paradis is considered the best angler in the storehouse. His last catch (according to his store book) consisted of two cans each of white Alaska salmon and pink salmon.

Al Lebrun danced at Lake Grove July 4th on two stiff legs.

This department has acquired another leg buster in Willie Donovan, of U. of M. football fame. Welcome to our ranks, Willie.

When you do a job—any kind—do it RIGHT.



Mrs. N. J. Mackovak and two children, Junior and Dolores. Nick Mackovak of the Starch Room, is the proud husband and daddy of this lovely family. Bob, the dog, is the pet of the children.



MAE ROSALIE DUNCAN

Daughter of Mrs. Ella Duncan of the Sheet Factory.

Miss Duncan graduated last month from Jordan High School. She was a member of the Dramatic Club, the Athletic Association, the Spanish Club and played second violin in the High School orchestra. She has been awarded three certificates for speed and efficiency in typewriting and received the highest ranking for four years' work in English vocabulary from Dr. Ingliss of Harvard College. She will enter Dingley Normal School in September and will also take a special course in Spanish and English.

HEMS AND HAWS FROM THE SHEET FACTORY

Claire Belanger has had her picture taken lately and it came out fine. She's sorry the beauty contest is over and wants to know when there is to be another one.

How does it feel to be Queen, Rose? Some of the boys have been heard to remark that they would like to be your King. Vive la reine!

How did you get along at Old Orchard Freda? You looked pretty nice on the beach. Did you bring back any pictures?

We wonder where Rita Houle gets all the latest news.

Rhea must have a real good appetite, judging by the way she is putting on weight.

We have been asked if Bob Tardiff can play anything else on his saxophone. "Let Us Waltz As We Say Good-Bye" is quite ancient now. Why not try the "Prisoner's Song"? We haven't heard that for quite a while.

Al Baker had better be careful of a certain Melina.

What has become of Harry Deforge's lovely hand-painted peacock scarf?

Mike Linnehane, our genial machinist, captured a flock of gold fish while on his vacation.

Jimmy Mack is training for the State Fair races. He is seen doing his nightly dozen in his tomato patch along the Swanee River.

Bill Knowles usually gets what he wants.

He was in Sherbrooke over the Fourth.

We wonder how Bertha Forrest likes lemon meringue pies at Old Orchard.

Medora Gauvin says the next time she goes to Canada she will tie one end of a string to her ankle and the other end to the Bleachery chimney, so she can find her way back.

A pile of sheets was seen moving down the aisle. Some one hollered "Hey sheets, where are you going?" Then we discovered Irene Giguere under the pile.

Rhea Morin thinks her diamond should be larger than Yvette's.

Blanche Perron complains that her alley is too narrow.

Have you forgotten the first one, Rita? Remember how you used to say, "Isn't he pretty—I still love him."

Can any one tell why Val goes to the sink room so often now?

COLORED FOLDING ROOM

Last month's meeting of the Sewing Circle was held at the home of Mary Therriault. A musical program was given, consisting of saxophone solo by Esther Crowley, vocal solo by Grace Martin, Sailor's Hornpipe by Agnes Burke and a humorous reading by Mabel Morris. Miss Therriault served a delicious luncheon of soup au pouds avec fromage and the girls adjourned to the sewing room where the remainder of the evening was spent in working on flannel nighties to be sent to the natives of the Near East.

Ralph Verville has not been spending much money lately. What's the matter, Ralph, buying diamonds?

Louis Sampson took a trip to Rhode Island recently. The trip was rather expensive for Lou, as somebody entered his room while he slept one night and purloined his overcoat. You sleep too soundly, Lou.

We have been hearing rumors about Grace Martin. Are these stories true, Grace? We hope that you will stick to him to the last, that everything will be awl right and that you will always be well heeled.

Johnny Nolin, mayor of Thorne's Corner, has returned after a few days' absence due to a case of blood poisoning in one of his hands. Johnny is all right now and ready to go.

Joseph Pelchat, called Alec for short, is the 75-lb. fistic champion of the Cercle Canadien. He claims the paper weight championship of the above organization by virtue of a win over Leo Bernier.

A new member of our department is Johnny McKenna. Johnny is a former market gardener and knows his onions.

FRAME ROOM

Neil Conley, brother of the famous Bing Conley, claims that Jack Sharkey will beat Dempsey in their coming tussle. Neil is a close follower of things pugilistic and should know whereof he speaks.

Jim Donovan is having a hard time convincing the boys that he doesn't hail from Norway.

Johnny Hopkins, who is the pioneer of the Thorne's Corner Hopkins, is to join the Stanton Bird Club. He is very much interested in bird lore and can be seen on any pleasant Sunday, accompanied by six or eight of the younger Hopkins, wandering through the woods in search of new specimens.

Bill Manning is rather proud of his red locks. We don't blame you, Bill, we wish ours were red again.

Danny Sullivan is open to meet anybody in the State for a mile race on roller skates. Dan was at one time a very speedy individual on the elusive rollers and believes that he can still show some of his old-time form.

NAPPING ROOM

Freddy Dewhurst is anxious for the soccer season to open. He learned the game in Merrie England and can always be found on the sidelines during a contest.

Louis Bosse, who at one time was a pugilist of championship calibre, is thinking of essaying a comeback. Louis says it makes his mouth water to read about the large purses paid to present-day fighters.

Emile Morin, the strong man of this department, was seen walking in the vicinity of East Avenue one evening recently. Who is she, Emile?

Alfred Lessard will render a vocal solo at the lawn party to be given by Holy Cross parish. This should be worth hearing.

Ernest Giroux and Brud Bryant will tour the fairs next fall with a line of hot dogs. With Brud's wonderful vocabulary and musical voice and Ernest's deftness in manipulating the sizzling canines, they should do a thriving business.

Box Shop Savings

Adelard Michaud, who was quite a baseball player in his younger days, is trying to organize a team in this department, but he is not meeting with much success.

Alphonse Charest has taken up auto polo and can be seen every evening in his Ford trying out some new shots.

The Carter boys, Ernest and Maurice, spent July Fourth at Taylor Pond, where they made a big hit in their bathing suits.

Lucien Pelletier attended the last band concert on the City Park and enjoyed it immensely.

Adolphe Jalbert will wrestle any one his own "heavy."



Joe Lacoursiere hates to see that good stuff wasted on a bear.



THOMAS CUNLIFFE

This is how Tom looked at the age of two years. Wasn't he cute?

Miscellaneous

Mike Goff is stringing along with Jack Dempsey to beat Jack Sharkey. If Dempsey succeeds in doing this Mike plans to attend the battle between Dempsey and Tunney, which will probably be held in September, and will write his experiences for the Sheet.

Henry Roy is still busy with his sign painting business. Hurry up and get caught up, Henry, as we want more of your clever drawings.

Mary Kelleher is a great rooter for the Red Sox.

Bob Tackaberry was a recent visitor to Lowell, where he was much pleased with the hospitality of the Massachusetts folks.

Carl Morrell has received several offers to toot his saxophone at local entertainments, but Carl is so busy with one thing or another that he has to turn them all down.

How did Harry Driscoll behave in New York, Zerv? You have to watch some of these fellows when they get away.

Gardner Sanford, former Advertising Manager, and now Manager of Industrial Relations, spent a few hours with us recently.

Jack Cronin is seeing the world in his new car.

Billy McCarthy was in charge of a personally conducted tour to Camp Maqua on June 15th.

Pete Sullivan is a great lover of tommy cod and has ordered a barrel from Merry Mashee.

Machine Shop Notes

There was an auto accident near the Bleachery the other day and according to all reports P. Sullivan had no part in it whatsoever.

A salesman recently gave Lemieux a cigar. "Red" doesn't speak to any of the boys now. There are persistent rumors,

however, that the "cigar" was one of that exploding kind.

We are glad to see Nap Belville back to work again.

Several of the boys attended the auto races at Rockingham Park over the Fourth. So far as we know they were merely spectators, however.

A friend: "Say, White, are you still running the flivver?"

White: "Yes, as still as I can."

Wife: "Is everything shut up for the night?"

Hubby: "I've shut up everything that I can."

Packing Room Pick-Ups

Joe Cronin has been doing a lot of work on his new estate. He wields a wicked lawn mower and Joe says it IS wicked.

Doc Ricker motored to the White Mountains on the Fourth. He says it was all right coming down but darned hard pushing going up.

Leo Bernier entertained the members of the Sabatis colony on July Fourth with a series of trick diving stunts.

George Thompson acted as best man at a recent wedding. The experience will do you good, George.

Marty Joyce has left this department to join the Lewiston Police force. Any culprits who succeed in getting away from Marty will have to be very fleet of foot.

Bill Wade is still tussling with Lady Pepperell.

Leo Horrigan was seen shaking a leg at Island Park one evening recently. Leo is a bear on the waxed floor.

Bill Driscoll the Adonis of this department, is taking swimming lessons at Camp Gregory this summer.

Around the Yard

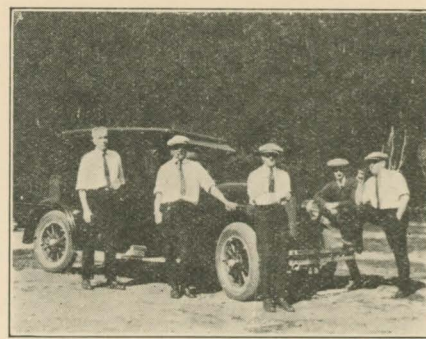
Pete Sullivan has his car out of the garage again. Do they charge you anything for storage, Pete?

Tim Driscoll is getting pretty well acquainted in Lowell. He has made several trips there in the last month and reports a fine time on each.

Fred Chandler took a prominent part in



Tom Norton Has Entered on His Second Season as a Golfer.



THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

Here we have Frank Flint, Tom Coughlin, Axel Neilson, Richard Gebauer and Fred White. They have just successfully negotiated the White Mountains in Neilson's car.

the Firemen's Muster which was held at member of the Mahawka Hand Tub team which won first prize.

Albert Wood, assistant general manager of the Yard, enjoyed his vacation at Popcorn Beach, where he attended the performance at Bowdoinham on July Fourth. He was a mance at the rustic theatre every afternoon and evening.

Tom Kelly hasn't been rattling his bones much lately. What's the matter, Tom, too hot?

Much excitement was caused in the Yard a couple of weeks ago, when a wild and ferocious centitoid insectivore, better known as a woodchuck, made its appearance. Several of the boys, armed with screw drivers, shovels and fence posts, succeeded in cornering the ugly rodent and Shorty Carlo now has the pelt on exhibition in the window of a Lincoln Street pool room.

Louis Driscoll visited at Poland Spring recently and drank so much of the famous mineral water that he wasn't himself for several days. Fred Barbour claims that if there had been any charge for the water Lou would have enjoyed his usual good health.

Grey Room Gossip

Fred Barbour enjoyed the band concert on the City Park, last Thursday night, also plenty of fresh air. As both were free, Fred spent a very delightful evening, but no money.

Frank Shufeldt, as usual, spent his vacation at Lake Cobbossee. Did you leave any fish, Frank?

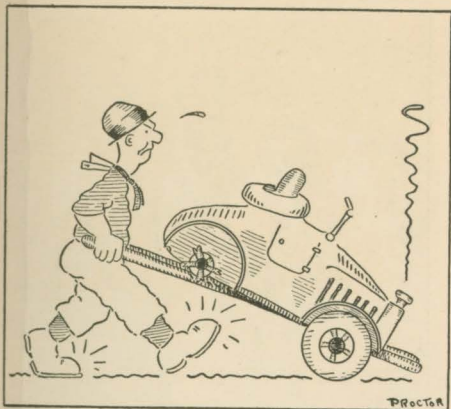
Francis King hiked to Sabatis for a swim last week. Kingie is quite a pedestrian, as well as an expert swimmer.

Cock Pelletier has a wonderful collection of watches, rings and other jewelry, which have been bestowed on him by Lady Luck.

Ludger Garneau hasn't attended any weddings since the last one. In fact he hasn't got over the last one yet.

When you say "accident" perhaps you mean "crime."

When you finish a job leave everything safe.



Teddy Bonneau Walks Home.

American Wool and Cotton Reporter Recognizes Pepperell's Leadership

The following very interesting article appears on the cover of the July 14th number of the American Wool & Cotton Reporter:

More Business from New Methods.

The Pepperell Manufacturing Company of Biddeford, Maine, is running 110 per cent where it used to run 75 per cent. Every loom is in operation, and the wide looms are running nights. All of their narrow looms are in operation even though general business is at the lowest ebb in years, competition more intense than ever before, and the demand for narrow goods less urgent.

Here is an example of improved conditions brought about by increased aggress-

iveness in manufacturing and merchandising; increased sales because of improved products, lower costs, and ability to lead because of increased production per operative, and increased consumption by the general public because of aggressive advertising.

Pepperell is a fine old New England corporation that has been brought back by an aggressive management of accepted new ideas, and by a corps of operatives and overseers that were willing to do twice as much work per individual as they have been in the habit of doing. Everyone knows that there is a great over-productive capacity on staple cotton goods, and the only mills that can continue to give employment to operatives, overseers and others are those where operatives, overseers and officials are willing to do twice as much work as they have ever done before.

Read These Over.

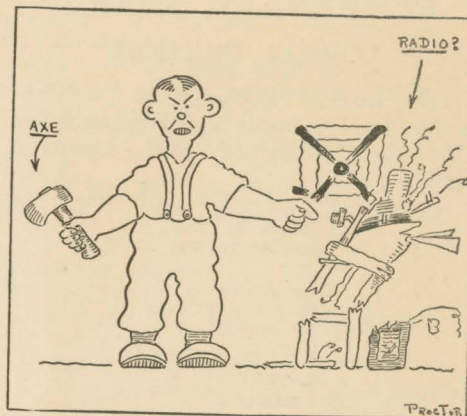
A large manufacturer has posted these rules in his office. We are passing them on to our readers.

1—Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end and that's the wrong end.

2—Watch your work—not the clock. A long day's work makes a day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

3—Give me more than I expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you'll increase my profits.

4—You owe so much to yourself that



Jack Cunion Has Threatened Dire Things.

you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or out of my employ.

5—Dishonesty is never an accident.

Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

6—Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

7—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employee who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

8—It's none of my business what you do at night, but if dissipation affects you the next day and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hope.

9—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need lots of them for my dollars.

10—Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.



FLIES OR BABIES WHICH?

THE house fly is born in filth, lives in filth and feeds on filth all his life. He picks it up in garbage cans and manure piles, out-houses and stables.

He wallows in it. He is covered with it. He flourishes in foul places where disease germs grow.

Disease does not spread itself. There must be an active carrier. The fly is the most active of carriers. He is mankind's most deadly enemy.

The house fly may leave fatal germs on your baby's lips, on his food, and on your food.

You would not let a man poison the food you eat or let him bring disease to your home.

Then why let the fly with his disease germs gathered from filthy places come into your home?

The fly is more deadly than any single known disease. Save your baby from this scourge. Kill the deadly house fly.

KILL THE FLIES and SAVE THE BABIES

SOAPY FLOORS ARE A MENACE

One of the most frequent causes of injury at our plant is the soapy floor. Everyone in the mill knows just how dangerous it is, but sometimes we hustle across it carelessly and "take a chance" on falling. For the sake of the "kids" that are dependent upon you, be careful when crossing the soapy floor.

Accidents Per 100 Employees in the Biddeford, Lowell and Lewiston Divisions. Let's try to turn in a smaller figure next month!

Month	March	April	May	June
Biddeford	3.0	2.9	3.1	3.9
Lowell	7.5	6.0	5.2	6.9
Lewiston	17.0	17.0	17.0	15.0

PEPPERELL SHEET

LOWELL DIVISION

The Lowell Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lewiston Divisions.

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NELLIE CROW
FRANK BOWLES
STEPHEN YOUNG
MURRAY FRAZEE
HELEN HARRIMAN
HAZEL KIMBALL
LILLIAN ASH Cartoonist.

The Fashion Show

You may rave about the cloth-room girls;
They are fine, as we all know;
But if you would meet the choicest
To the top floor you must go.

They have looks and style and class and
pep.

Now don't take me at my word
But go yourself and you will see
The classy cloth-room girls.

There are Betty, Nora, Alice, Anna,
For looks they can't be beat;
And for style—I'm sure the lot of them
Look like a fashion sheet.

The stitchers, folders, cutters,
With those who make the puffs
Make a style parade that's a thriller
That gets you, sure enough.

With pretty Sally as the leader,
Dimpled Florida close behind;
And Mabel stepping smartly
Along the fashion line.

Two Josephines advancing with
Saucy, roguish eyes.
Tall May, fat May, slim May,
Watch the parade go by.

There are Bertha, Kittie, Cassie,
They are with the stylish stouts;
There is curly-haired Agnes
Whom the artists rave about.

Now Margaret Teague and Mary
And Esther S are three
Who are style personified,
I'm sure you will agree.

Then Philly, gaily humming,
Makes life pleasant for the rest;
And Laura tuning in with her
To add a little zest.

Grace, who is our whistler, is
As chic as she can be;
And when it comes to winsomeness
We'll bet on Mary C.

Florence, with form divine
Who always strikes a nose;
Elizabeth, who fain would dab
More powder on her nose.

PEPPERELL SHEET

Jennie, who counts her calories
So she won't grow too stout;
Versatile Mrs. Dana (I
Almost left her out.)

There is Esther C. and Margaret—
Now watch them do their stuff
As they fall in at the end of line
And madly powder up.

No wonder all the cloth-room sheiks
Envy Philip, who
Can feast his eyes on maids like these
As they would like to do.

Heard Going Out of the Card Room

Tom McK.—“New Panama hat, Jack?
What do you do with all your old ones?”

Jack Farrell—“Burn 'em.”

Tom McK.—“Did they burn all right?”

Jack—“They hat to.”

Tony McDonald spent the week of July
2nd at the Christian Endeavor Conference.
He was a delegate from Lowell.

George Banbeault spent some time and
much energy putting on his shoes the other
noon. He would like to know the fellow
that planted the peach stones in them.

Bill Regan looks more like Bob Fitzsimons
every day.

George Gauthier asks—“Who is the best
looking man in the room and why am I?”

Jim, tell the boys about the night you
fell asleep waiting for Maggie.

Jennie and Peggy were seen in the Card
Room one day recently. Trying to find
Tom, Jen?

Tom McKearney says he won't go dry
while he has his Adams apple.

Tim Shea and Mike Warren are going to
the Dempsey fight July 21st. They will act
as escorts to Jennie and Peggy of the Jack
spinning frames.

Sorry, but we are not able to print the
advertisement found in one of the boxes.

Biffer Brady (better known as Fitz) is
ready to mingle since his bout with Joe the
other day. He is trying day at Boyles
Thirty Acres and short work-outs with
Charlie, Andrew, Happy Days Casey, and
Mike, the elevator boy.

Buster says, “Joke over.”

George, that straw hat looks perfect on
you but don't forget the Goodwill is open
the year round.

Ed. G. wants to fit ace high with Kitty.
How about it, Ed?

Tom McK. was seen going into a house
on Davidson Street with BIG BIG of the
Wool Cards. What's the attraction, Tom?

First Flapper—“What's the difference
between a Spanish onion and a Bermuda
onion?”

Second Flapper—“Don't know.”

First Flapper—“Gosh, you don't know
your onions.”

CLOTH ROOM

A certain party of the Napping Room is
now wearing a cap during working hours.
What's the idea, Frank, getting thin on
top?

Did H. L. get her reducing soap yet?

Will Bessie Mulvey ever get a lunch large
enough for her appetite?

C. Brady looked beautiful in her 3-piece
costume at the recital.

A knife and fork can't spoon but a nap-
kin.



Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Russell.
Mrs. Russell is one of our spinners.

A new romance has started in the Cloth
Room. How about it, Alice and Jimmie?
M. Clark liked riding in a blue roadster.
How about it, Ray G.?

J. Buckley spent last week at Hampton
Beach and had an enjoyable time.

What attraction does J. Scullin find at
the second cutting table?

The girls at the desk are thinking of
wearing green shades for their eyes. We
recommend Turkish veils.

NO. 1 CARDING

I wondered for a long time
What O W H could mean.

On our editorial pages

Which really is the scene
Of our editors maiden efforts

As a bold newspaper man.

So I'll name him and his assistants
In rhyming if I can.

There is Charlotte Burns, the first one,

Mary Pecanso next in line,

With Margaret Hickey and Nora Cryan,

We are doing very fine.

Then there is Ada Healey,

And next comes Annie Iasik;

Now I'm having a little trouble

To make my rhyming stick.

Lester Sturtevant is the next one;

John Blackburn just below;

These last two nearly floored me

But I guess I'll let them go,

And name Ivy Caldeira,

Mary Clark and Nellie Crowe.

Then comes Frank Bowles and

Steve Youmans with Mr. Frazee,

That's a little easier

I think you will agree;

Then Miss Helen Harriman

And Miss Hazel Kimball, too,

With Lillian Ash, cartoonist,

This is our editorial crew.

H. J. R.



"See-See" (C. C.)

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

We are all glad to have Bessie Mulvey with us again.

Grace is quite a visitor at Pinehurst lately and we wonder why. How about some hot dogs, Grace?

Annie O. is wishing for the nice summer evenings, so she can sit out in her hammock with her darling.

Kathryn must have quite an attraction at the Black Bird for she stays out until 5 a. m.

Albert looks pretty special in his new suit and Panama hat.

Frank, our stock clerk, has a new Chevrolet and he is very busy preparing his list. It is open to all girls in both the Cloth and Advertising rooms.

Lilla is thinking very seriously of taking a trip across the ocean with Bill. Whether it is a pleasure trip or honeymoon we do not know.

Some of the girls took a trip to Boston the 30th, had dinner at the Statler and enjoyed a show afterward.

Pretty tough on Bessie M. when she fell on Bridge street and lost all her groceries. Pretty strong stuff, Bessie.

Helen, what are you buying the soap for? Answer in next issue.

Alfie, what's the trouble this week—keeping silence?

Albert, did anyone dirty the car yet?

Frank, how is the girl in the muskrat coat?

Anne, what's the matter with you and the men folks?

Betty, if your machine goes any faster we won't be able to hold you.

A laugh a day keeps the doctor away. A good hearty laugh is the greatest tonic in the world—the magic key to eternal youth. It is laughter that helps us forget our cares, laughter that brightens our day, and it is laughter that banishes our wrinkles.

Read the Pepperell Sheet and enjoy a good laugh at the jokes and cartoons sent in by your fellow workers.

We wonder why M. Clarke doesn't like her name in print.

When is a thing really good enough? Never, until it is the very best you can make it. This is the only thing that ever should satisfy any of us. To stop short of that is to invite defeat. Don't stop with

Good Enough. Let everything be your very best. That is what wins the wide world over.

Announcement:—Mr. O'Keefe, the Beau Brummel of the Cloth Room and one of the first to wear a straw hat (last year's), is announcing that a series of talks will be given on men's wear, what to wear and how to wear it. He is a great authority on clothes. For the benefit of those who were unable to attend the first talk Mr. O'Keefe is now showing his first creation. How to wear the belt in harmony with the underclothing.

Sat. noon spec:—J. Regan and F. Connolly are a pair of good bargain hunters. Keep up the good work, boys. You will be a great help to your wives. (Some day.) How about taking M. Silva along for a few lessons. He'll soon need them.

M. Clarke likes riding in blue roadsters. How about it, Ray G.?

Anna T.: "Say, Mary, who is that handsome man down there?"

Mary O'B: "That's no handsome man. That's Jim Morrissey."

Arthur B. was seen throwing an old newspaper away.

Mr. Frank O'Keefe, our genial night boss, has resigned from the "Bobby Yates Club."

Hughie says that he will wrestle Morrissey or Baker any time.

Mrs. H. has been heard singing: "O, Nora, where art thou?"

Frank S., clerk of the stock room, has been heard crowing a lot lately.

The little girl with the new tooth is smiling a lot now.

Milton D. says: "I'm a square deal feller; that's all I want."

We wonder who will be the first to get a ride in Frank's new machine.

Lost—A black hat. Finder please return to No. 3 cutting table and receive reward.

Wanted—A horse by a young lady to learn to ride. (Wooden horse preferred). See A. R.

Why is H. N. so keen on going to the party. Is it because of some of the "nobility" that are going?

If you think these jokes are dry,

And should be on the shelf,

Just take my advice,

Hand in a few yourself.

Only last week I burned

Up some Pepperell Sheets

And you should have heard the fire roar.

L. L.: Does your boy friend live in Lowell, Delia?

Delia B.: No; he lives out of town, Pawtucketville.

We are glad to see old faces again. (No offense L. Shea and A. Coughlin.)

They say that Ethel H. had some feed in Lawrence. The next day three chickens were missing from a neighboring hencoop.

A new romance has started in the Cloth-room. How about it, Jimmie N. and Alice D.?

They say that G. McHale likes her boy friend's girl best.

Nobody loves a fat man, but Florence L. says there are exceptions to every rule.

Julia McK. had a quarrel with her boy friend. Cheer up, Julia. True love never did run smooth.

We wonder who will win the sneezing contest—Pat. L. or M. Dooley.

Now we know why L. Berard was so lonesome the other day. She didn't have her side kick.

Why does W. Jump keep singing: "If I didn't know your husband and I didn't know your wife"?

Let's in on the secret, Winnie. Don't be so cozy.

What was the attraction out on Dracut Road for J. Lynch one Thursday evening?

Favorite sayings:—

C. Brady—Aren't you awful?

C. Cronan—This is the best joke I ever heard.

A. Cronan—That's doggy.

R. Garvey—I forgot what I came up for, but—

A. Wilson—All righty.

J. Riley—We had chicken for dinner.

J. Kiernan—I don't think so.

W. Fury—Oh, for sig.

J. McKelvey—Gee, I'm glad I'm not married.

F. Crowe—I can't think.

M. Kennedy—Is he eligible?

Al Narbonne—I think I'll ride home tonight.

J. Hurley—Oh, men.

E. McGrail—Oh, boy.

Observations in a Cotton Mill

H. J. R.

Cotton, dear old King Cotton,
From the land of the Sunny South,
Your ins and outs so wondrous
I've often thought about.

First you're in bales tightly banded.

Then into the openers you go,
To whirl through pipes, beaters and cages
And be cleaned on your journey through.

Now we find you a lap round and fluffy,

To next process you're taken along
To be drawn and cleaned as you're carded
And put in a ropelike form.

The drawings next give you attention,
You are doubled and pressed and drawn;
Your fibres paralleled with each other
To make you even and strong.

Now the slubbers take you into their keeping,

On bobbins you're wound around;
You are twisted some like a corkscrew
To make you strong and sound.

If for filling, direct to the spinner

To be spun to a shuttle size;

This is very important,

As you may well surmise.

If for warp, you've a journey to travel
Through roving frames, coarse and fine,
While spinning, spooling and warping
And slashing follow in line,

And also some one must draw you
Through harness one end at a time.

Now you're woven into Wousat or Lousat,
Into Prescott or old Hardy Pear,
Into Pawoot or Gallant or Baman
Or White Tent at so much a pair.

Pegasat is also a good one,

And Tolen cannot be beat,

While Kit's a dandy for babies,

And Sister Sue is quite sweet.

Now I'll mention the napping

Where blankets are finished so fine;

Then over the bridge to the Cloth Room

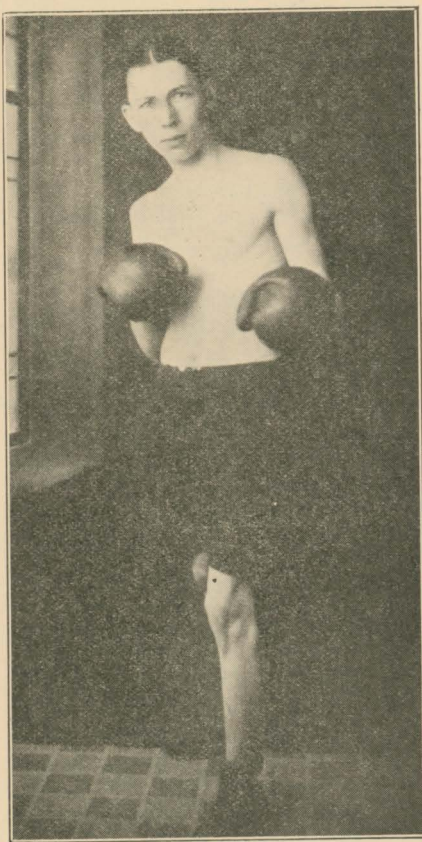
Where inspectors stand in line

To see they are up to the standard

Before folding and packing away.

Let's hope you find ready market—

That's our wish for blankets today.



Frankie King, 112 lbs, flyweight.
He is a member of the C. Y. M. L.

SPINNING YARNS

No. 1 Spinning

A certain fellow, who plays baseball wears rubbers. Who is it? Ask Riley, he knows.

The boys would like to know if Harold W. has signed a contract with the mill. We wonder when he will get another job.

Mary Silva, one of our spinners, slipped away one Saturday morning a few weeks ago to get married. We offer you congratulations, Mary.

Grace B. always manages to go the styles one better, for no matter how short the rest wear their dresses she always beats them by a few inches.

The marriage germ seems to be pretty heavy in this department. How about it, Alvina and Albert?

Well, girls, you might as well wear your rings. Everyone knows that you are married.

Hi-Jacks

We understand that Johnny is very fond of roses.

What size pants does "Squash" wear?

Don't forget to come over to Centralville when you want a good hair cut, Hughie.

The girl with the school-girl complexion has been wearing her hair straight lately.

Has everyone seen our boyish bobs?

Several weeks ago, some of us attended the wedding of Margaret Higgs and Frederick Russell, after which Mr. and Mrs. Russell left for a honeymoon trip to New York. Mrs. Russell prior to her marriage was tendered a shower by her many friends. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Russell a prosperous and happy future.

No. 12 Spinning

Red T. claims that he is going to spend his vacation at Coney Island this summer. Anyhow, we hope that the train he takes doesn't stop too long at South Lowell.

We are all looking forward to the excursion, and if the "Gang" doesn't have a good time, it will not be the excursionists' fault.

We are beginning to think that Henrietta is in right with a candy man.

Well, Perry's working shoes have done good service so we suggest this:—Why not send them to the U. S. Bureau of Aeronautics, and we are pretty sure they could use them as sleds for a seaplane.

If we don't chip in and get Johnny M. a razor, he may make up his mind to join the house of David.

No. 2 Spinning

Ernie Wilson is a chip off the old block on the Saturday sweeping. How about it, Muggsey?

We see that Sheik Hubert is trying out some new hair tonic.

J. Noel claims that his room has not enough sunshine but we wonder if he meant moonshine.

For the past few days one spool room has been filled with the strangest cries one could imagine. At first we thought they might have some bearing on a new Irish revolution but we are now more puzzled than ever. Perhaps some kind reader can tell us the meaning of "Slide, Kelly, Slide." Someone said to ask Betty. She knows, but our little Betty Kelly is not going to desert us while she learns all the tricks and falls of roller skating. Sav you won't. Betty. That's a good girl. If you must glide about and shout without any regard for all the hard places, we suggest you learn this song, "When Banana Peels Are Falling, I'll Come Sliding Back to You."

Braga seems to have run out of alibis, we don't hear any lately.

We wonder why Katie T. goes to Merrimack Park twice a week.

Frank Cheetham says never try to kiss a girl. Either kiss her or don't.

Lester Wade isn't Scotch, but he believes in getting his money's worth, he goes into the Waldorf for a cup of coffee and gets a night's lodging, too.

T. Cunha has got his Ford all fixed up again. How about some girls, Teddy?

Pat, George and Jim, the three musty-beers.

There was a fancy sweeper,
Who swept up very clean.
He worked for Joe Noel,
Who tried to make him shovel steam.

SPOOLING YARNS

No. 2 Spooling

If Margaret F. put all her first biscuits together, we sure could build some fine roads.

Aggie D: Do you like bananas?

Henry S: Madam, I do not; I prefer the old-fashioned night shirt.

P. McLaughlin is a man of swell dress when it comes to his hat, his coat and his vest, but oh boy! his pants when putting them on, I wonder if he uses a shoe horn.

Annie Kelly, our star bowler, has returned from a professional tour of the City Hall alleys. Her exhibition there netted her \$2.61. Annie expects to sign on the dotted line for an extended tour.

No. 12 Spooling

We wonder what M. Cunningham says when K. Crowl gets all the spools—Ask V. Manakos.

MISCELLANEOUS

George Ormiston came near landing a nice yellow Airedale last week. The only thing that stopped George was the 10-spot.

Jack Procter is not beaming so well the last few weeks. He keeps one eye on the beaming, the other on the new insurance plan. Watch Jack. He will soon have a vacation with pay.

Bill Caddell says he is no betting man, but he will put up dollars to doughnuts that his old friend Pat will be the first to lift the new \$500 insurance. Hurry up, Pat, and give us a good time.

Our old friend Charley spent a very quiet Easter. Nothing but egg nogs and milk shakes. My, Charley, what a change.

Our old friend Morton is not feeling so well. There is a misfit somewhere. You know where it is, Morton.

Jack Donnelly is feeling fine since he got on quilling. All the business men of Dracut are coming to see him. Jack, what's the matter with you now?

The Story of My Life

MARY PICANSO.

I could tell you

The story of my life;

The funniest part

Is to become a wife.

I go to the movies

Where I have a good time,

But my husband won't pay

Any more than a dime.

The other night I was going

To Merrimack Square,

But my husband told me,

"You cannot go there."

The next night I was going

To the one near the Bridge,

When he said, "Let's stay home

And have corned beef and cabbage."



Oh, Charlie's got a new straw hat,

He's got a hair cut, too;

So he steps out so spick and span

Dressed in a suit of blue.

When David met him at the gate,

"You can't go in," said he;

"For strangers can not go in there,

So don't talk back to me."

"It's the hair cut and the new straw hat,"

Said Charlie, with a grin.

Then David said: "It's my mistake."

So he let the Gaffer in.



Here are some of the fair maidens who worked in the clothroom way back in 1911. (And they say that the "Flappers" dress funny!)



NO. 1 WEAVE ROOM

Some class to George S. when he went to Biddeford to bowl. He thought he was a sheik all dolled up.

Jim Young is out sick. We hope he will soon be back.

I see that Leo got a new jazz bow tie. He must have it to keep his neck warm. Is that right Leo?

Let's hope that Fred D. liked his trip to Holyoke on Declaration Day and saw a lot of nice girls. How about it Fred?

Every time the weavers ask Joe the filling boy, for filling he starts to sing "I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

There is some class to Albert. He is a short man but he likes a tall girl. I wonder where he can find one. Let us know, please.

Joe, the elevator boy, is kind of sweet on Cecelia. Wonder why he comes down to the weaving room so often. How about it, Joe?

Gaylord Hiser, the night second hand, is sticking out his chest since May 15. It's a boy!

We regret to hear that Mrs. Julia Dowd is sick in the Corporation Hospital but we all hope she will soon be well and able to go home again.

Windsor McNeil, the bobbin stripper in No. 2 Mill, refuses to work Wednesday night any more. The last time he worked he had to pay a fine of \$1.00. Pretty tough, Win.

Joe B may be a heart smasher, but did you ever see him when he needed a shave?

N. C. would be a good pal for Lindbergh for she has his blushing ways.

Martin, our good-natured loomfixer,

doesn't believe in losing his beauty sleep not even for a ? How about it Martin?

Nap is a good loomfixer when he can keep his temper.

Rebecca likes our corner best.

BEAMING AND QUILLING

We extend our sympathies to Jean Vezenia and family who were recently bereaved by the death of their father.

Our Quilling staff has been increased by the addition of our old friends—John Dempsey and Fred Lorham. Glad to have you with us again, boys.

Arthur Dion is the first member in our department to receive Insurance benefits, having suffered a broken finger while playing ball. Glad to see you back on the job again, Arthur.

We notice that Andy Duncan and George Lindsay are sporting new lids. A sign of better times.

Deacon Caddell is playing the role of detective. Watch your step, Pat and Charlie. Peppere!! Sheets—Satisfaction—Service.

Dye House Notes

For critics rare, we do not care,

To do our best we're trying,

And though we strive, to keep alive,

Our living is made by dyeing.

Peter says he knows the bird who ate his chocolate, and it's no seagull either.

LOST:—A dog losed, I losed him, she's black dog almost white, have tail cut off short behind. If you find her, bring him to me, I belong to it. Joe.

Prosperity must be around the corner. Hamilton came in this morning with a new hat on.

CLOTH ROOM

Things that never happen:—

L. L. getting fat.

A. O. wearing short skirts.

M. F. not singing.

A. B. leaving the windows open.

A. La without a grouch.

F. S. in the room 15 minutes.

B. M. not eating bananas.

S. G. getting slim.

A. S. late for work.

H. L. walking to work.

AL B. eating ongress tarts.

VACATION SAFETY HINTS CAMP SANITATION

Before you select your camping site, learn all you can about the sanitary conditions of the place. Get the following facts before you make it your vacation home:

Is the water supply pure?

Are there swamps, ponds, and other places nearby where mosquitoes breed?

If it is a public camping site, make sure that excreta are disposed of safely, if there is no sewage system.

If you pick an isolated spot, the camp sanitation will depend largely upon yourself.

Pure water is absolutely necessary for a healthful vacation. Unless you know positively that the water is pure, take no chance and boil all drinking water.

If you buy milk from local sources, be sure that it comes from a clean dairy and that the cows are inspected by the proper authorities. Pure milk is particularly important for infants. If there is any doubt as to the cleanliness of the local milk supply, it will be safer to boil it, or use milk

powder, which is convenient to carry and does not easily spoil.

The kitchen and mess tent should be screened. Dishes should be washed in boiling water. All garbage should be kept in covered cans and burned each day. This may be done by digging a trench and placing water. All garbage should be kept in ing several large stones on the bottom which the fire is to be built.

Human excreta may be buried in trenches about 12 inches deep. These should be filled in with earth. The trenches should be dug where there is no danger of polluting the camp water supply.

Anna McKenna, R. N.

WEAVERS' TOAST

NETTIE WALLACE.

When the warp of life is woven

And the shuttles all are still,

When our care and strife is over

And each weaver gets his bill;

May our cloth be perfect woven

When we pass beneath the Tomb,

And better music greet us

Than the music of the loom.

NORA CRYAN.

If you were busy being kind,

Before you knew it you would find

You'd soon forget to think 'twas true

That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad

And cheering people who are sad

Although your heart might ache a bit

You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being true

To what you know you ought to do

You'd be so busy you'd forget

The blunders of the folks you'd met.

If you were busy being right

You'd find yourself too busy quite

To criticize your neighbor long

Because he's busy being wrong.

"We See"

We see that Mary is only wearing one ear-ring these days. How about it, Mary, aren't you afraid you will catch cold? close shave.

We see that Bill H. Sr. is always eating.

We are all wishing Catherine Mahoney our warmest congratulation on her coming marriage to Billy Murphy, the well-known fighter.

OBVIOUS

Stranger (to boy beating rug): "Boy, is your mother at home?"

Boy: "Of course, you dumbbell!"—Life With the Lincoln.

Safety
Assures
Full
Earnings
To
You.

TO MR. MICHAEL GOFF.

You were offered 100,000 dollars

For your story of the fight;

You stretched this just a little—

Now come, be truthful, Mike.

If for just one little story

You'd get all those iron men,

Had you bought the Brooklyn bridge,

Dear boy, O what would happen then?

Why, you'd sell it for fifty millions,

You'd be the smartest man on earth,

And future generations

Would bless old Michael's birth.



MAKERS of inferior materials have been quick to notice that many women finger sheets on the counter when shopping.

So usually unlabelled goods are "dressed up" for inspection. They are loaded with "filler" and chemicals to deceive the fingers by their apparent weight and smoothness. One wash day is enough to show the sham.

What protection have you, then, when buying bed linens? The best protection is the Lady Pepperell label on sheets and pillow cases. For Lady Pepperells are woven only from selected, long fibred cotton in the mills of the Pepperell organization. Their smooth surface and close, firm texture will actually improve with repeated washings.

Lady
PEPPERELL
SHEETS and PILLOW CASES
PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
160 STATE STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Mills at BIDDEFORD, MAINE

*LADY PEPPERELL SHEETS are made in Biddeford
by a group of men and women who live in Biddeford
and know how to make good, honest sheets.*